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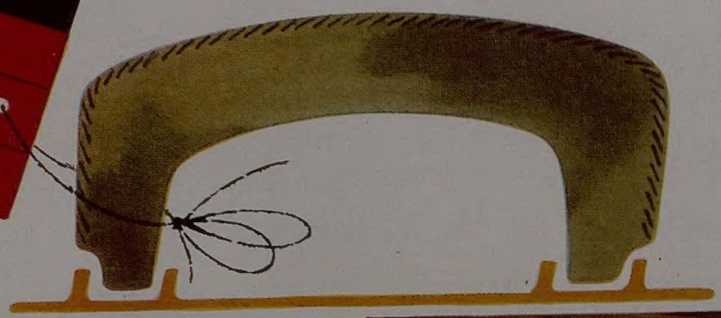

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CUNARD

Volume CCLIV No. 3295 LONDON, July 27, 1963

THE SPHERE

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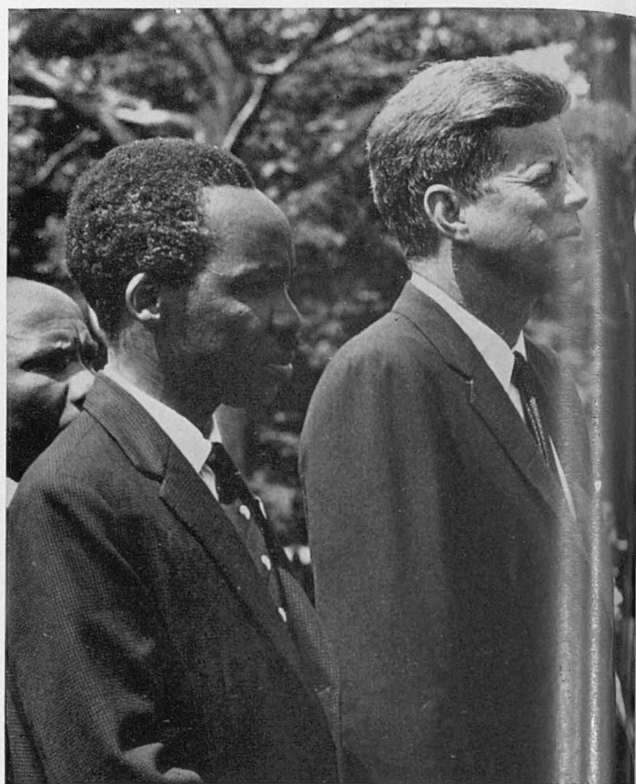
Mr Averell Harriman, Chief American delegate, Mr Khrushchev and Lord Hailsham, Britain's chief delegate, are in cheerful mood at the start of the vital tripartite talks on a nuclear test ban. Although there were reservations in some circles, early this week cautious optimism prevailed that a treaty for a partial ban would be achieved. This would cover atmospheric, space and underwater tests. In a speech in Moscow on Friday of last week Mr Khrushchev indicated that he expected such a treaty to be signed. He added that he was prepared to permit the West to inspect airfields and highways and railway junctions in Russia and Eastern Europe in return for similar facilities in the West for Russia. The Soviet Premier's speech also contained implied criticism of China (see also News Summary page 113).

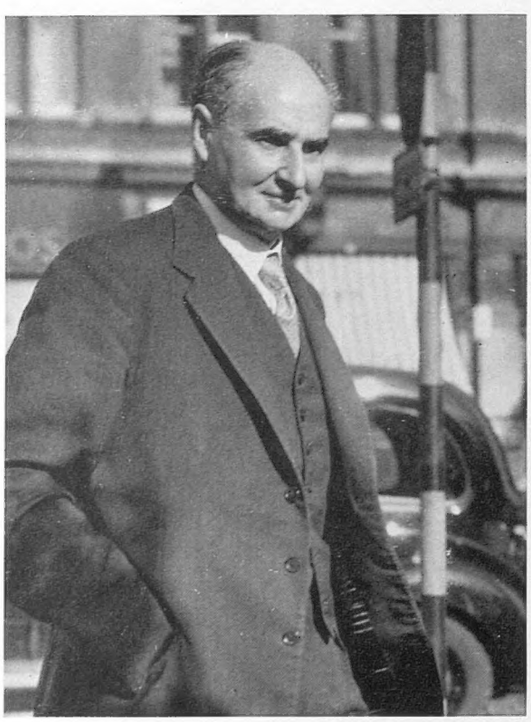
DAYS OF DECISION IN MOSCOW

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

Salutes for two Presidents

President Kennedy and President Julius Nyerere of Tanganyika stand together in Washington as the national anthems of their respective countries are played. The latter had just arrived at the White House where he had talks with his host. While in the American capital he also had discussions with other leading American politicians. It was believed President Nyerere gave President Kennedy a review of the current state of affairs in East Africa and of progress being made towards the formation of the East African Federation. This should consist of Tanganyika, Uganda, Kenya and probably Zanzibar. President Nyerere was expected in London at the beginning of this week for a three-day stay





Mr John Strachey dies at 61

After a successful operation for a slipped disc, the Labour MP for West Dundee died suddenly in London from a heart attack. An outstanding left-wing intellectual, he was the author of many books. He was Minister of Food from 1946-50 and Secretary of State for War 1950-51

Dock blaze in Washington State

From the quayside and from fire-boats on the water, firemen fight a blazing dockside at Tacoma, in Washington State, U.S.A. One fireman was killed and 13 injured as they fought the flames. The fire started when a crane cut a power cable; sparks set fire to creosote-soaked pilings

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

Fine day for the Bastille Day parade

French Mystère IV jets fly overhead as the armed might of France is displayed in the annual Bastille Day parade in Paris. The parade is moving down the Champs-Elysées from the Arc de Triomphe. According to police officials, the crowds watching were the largest since 1945. Reviewing the French forces was General de Gaulle. Among the new equipment on display were three new French AMX-30 tanks, contrasting with the Republican Guard cavalry

Overlordship for the Minister of Defence

At the Ministry of Defence in London, M Pierre Messmer, the French Minister of Armed Forces, is welcomed by Mr Thorneycroft, Minister of Defence. Their meeting last week took place soon after the White Paper was published detailing legislation to be introduced this autumn creating a unified Ministry of Defence under a Secretary of State for Defence. He will take over the statutory powers vested in the Service Ministries. The offices of First Lord of the Admiralty and Secretaries of State for War and Air are to be abolished. Instead there will be three Ministers, under the Secretary of State, representing the Navy, Army and RAF

Princess Anne's new headmistress

Miss Cynthia Gèe (left), Housemistress, and Miss Elizabeth Clarke, Headmistress of Benenden School, near Cranbrook in the Weald of Kent. They will be responsible for the education of Princess Anne when, as announced from Buckingham Palace last week, she goes to the school at the start of the next term on September 20. Princess Anne, who will be 13 on August 15, will start in the lower fifth. As a new girl she will sleep in a dormitory of at least four and possibly eight girls, and she will take the ordinary course of study. There are 315 girls at Benenden, which was founded in 1923. The basic fees of the school are £480 a year, but this is going up next term to £525

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

Commonwealth talks on Information

Mr Duncan Sandys, the Commonwealth Secretary, before the start of a meeting of African Ministers of Information at Lancaster House in London, which he opened. With him from left to right are: The Hon. L. R. Abavana, MP (Ghana); The Hon. T. O. S. Benson, MP (Nigeria); The Hon. J. Nelson-Williams (Sierra Leone) and the Hon. J. Nzunda, MP (Parliamentary Secretary to the Vice-President of Tanganyika). The purpose of the meeting is to enable the visiting Ministers to confer with each other and with British Ministers on information systems and techniques. (See also The Sandys Round, pages 114—115)

Lord Home in The Netherlands

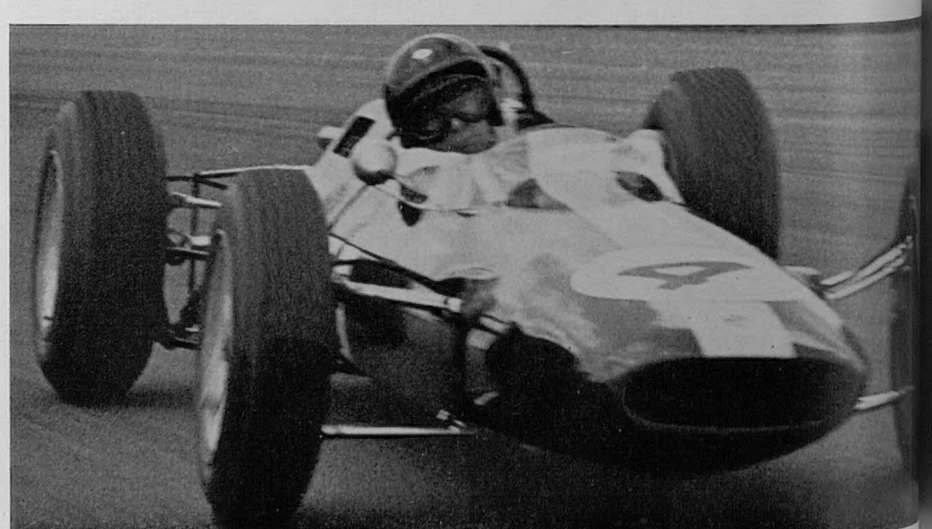
Lord Home, the Foreign Secretary, third from left, answers questions at a press conference in The Hague during his two-day visit to the Netherlands. Second from left is Sir Andrew Noble, the British Ambassador. In his visit, Lord Home had talks with Dr Luns, the Dutch Foreign Minister, on the quarterly meetings of the Foreign Ministers of Great Britain and the Six (agreed by the Common Market countries in Brussels recently); and the Moscow nuclear test ban talks

Eleven bulls in a row to win

Keith Pilcher, a 25-year-old dentist, is chaired in the traditional manner from the ranges at Bisley after winning the Queen's Prize. The Queen's Hundred consisted of 99 men and a Waaf, Senior Aircraftwoman Margaret Philp. When they moved finally to the 1,000-yard butts, there were seven men ahead of Mr Pilcher and he was three points behind the leaders. But he finished with 11 bulls in a row for 72 and a final score of 283

Fourth Successive Grand Prix victory

Jim Clark takes his Lotus to victory in the British Grand Prix, run in warm sunshine at Silverstone. He led from the fourth lap until the finish at an average of 107.75 m.p.h. to record his fourth successive win in Grands Prix this season—the others being the Belgian, Dutch and French. After a strong challenge from the Brabhams ended, Graham Hill and John Surtees fought for second place. This went to Surtees when Hill's BRM ran out of fuel just before the finish



NEWS SUMMARY

The test ban in the balance; housing scandals in Britain; defending the dollar

International

While the test ban talks continued in Moscow early this week, the Sino-Soviet doctrinal discussions went into recess. A joint communiqué stated that it had been agreed they should be continued "some days later." The Russian farewell to the Chinese delegates was markedly cool but on their arrival back in Pekin they were met by Mao Tse-tung and given an enthusiastic welcome.

It was thought a new round in the Communist schism would begin with the meeting of the Communist Council for Mutual Economic Assistance (Comecon) summoned in Moscow on Wednesday of this week. This organisation of the Soviet Union and its European satellites meets regularly but the calling of a meeting so soon after the adjournment of the Sino-Soviet talks indicated that Russia was aiming at closing the ranks of its allies and giving a demonstration of solidarity against Chinese attacks (see also John Connell, p. 116).

The complaint of 32 African countries against Portuguese colonial policy in Africa was down for hearing at the Security Council in New York on Monday. Complaints against South Africa's apartheid policies were also expected to be heard.

Great Britain

The political scene was dominated by allegations of extortion and profiteering in property speculation over rented accommodation in some areas of London, particularly Paddington. This was sparked off by statements made in the Commons by Mr Ben Parkin, Labour M.P. for Paddington North, concerning the activities of the late Peter Rachman. As a result of the storm, the Labour Party put down a censure motion in the Commons, deploring property speculation which it claimed had resulted from the 1957 Rent Act.

In the House of Lords, a Government measure to postpone the right of Peers to renounce their titles until the next Election was defeated by 80 votes. The Lords sought for the right to renounce to become law immediately.

British exports rose in June for the third month in succession to their highest level for any normal month's trade. Imports also went up, with the result that the trade gap widened slightly. It appears that this year exports are running about 6 per cent. above the level of a year ago. One major export victory was announced last week. American Airlines, the giant domestic US airline, ordered 15 BAC One-Eleven short-haul jet airliners, worth £14 million This was the key breakthrough into the North American market for this aircraft.

Mr Adoula, Prime Minister of the Congo, arrived last Monday in London for his first official visit to Britain. He was to have talks with Mr Macmillan and Lord Home.

At the British Honduras constitutional conference in London, agreement was expected to be reached early this week on the country's advance to self-government (see page 122). The Malta independence conference was in different plight. No agreement had been reached on two vital issues under discussion. They were the constitutional question (should an independent Malta remain under the Crown within the Commonwealth or should it become a republic whose Commonwealth membership is left undecided?); and the question of the Roman Catholic Church and the proposed code of human rights. Dr Borg Olivier's Nationalist Party government wanted the Church's traditional special position to be preserved. The Malta Labour Party declared the code must make everyone equal before the law (see overleaf). Another Commonwealth territory which was the subject of London talks was Barotseland, the "Protectorate within a Protectorate" in Northern Rhodesia. Mr Butler was having discussions with the Litunga of Barotseland, Sir Mwanawina Lewanika III, about the Barotse future in relation to Northern Rhodesian constitutional developments.

National Guardsmen on duty during the picketing by demonstraters of a drug store in Cambridge, Maryland

United States

Desegregation demonstrations continued unabated. One of the chief areas of clashes was Cambridge in Maryland. This fishing town only 50 miles from Washington has for several weeks been the scene of riots between whites and negroes and has been under a modified form of martial law. National Guard troops last weekend were in action again.

President Kennedy in a Message to Congress last week proposed a number of measures to cut the US balance of payments deficit. The outflow of long-term capital is to be tackled by imposing a tax on American purchases of foreign securities. The administration is planning to reduce still further its foreign expenditure, including foreign aid. From the various proposals, and an increase in short-term interest rates, it is hoped to lop the payments deficit by some 2,000 million dollars in the next year and a half.

Syria

Last week's putsch in Damascus by pro-Nassar groups was ruthlessly put down by the ruling Baathist regime. The capital remained under strict control while house-to-house searches went on. By last Monday 58 people had been arrested, including politicians, journalists and discharged army officers. The suppression of the putsch was greeted with vilification in Cairo newspapers. Middle East commentators saw this as indicative that the plans for a federal union of Egypt, Syria and Iraq were now dead. It was expected that President Nasser would say farewell to the proposed United Arab Republic yet again at this week's celebrations of the 11th anniversary of the Egyptian revolution.

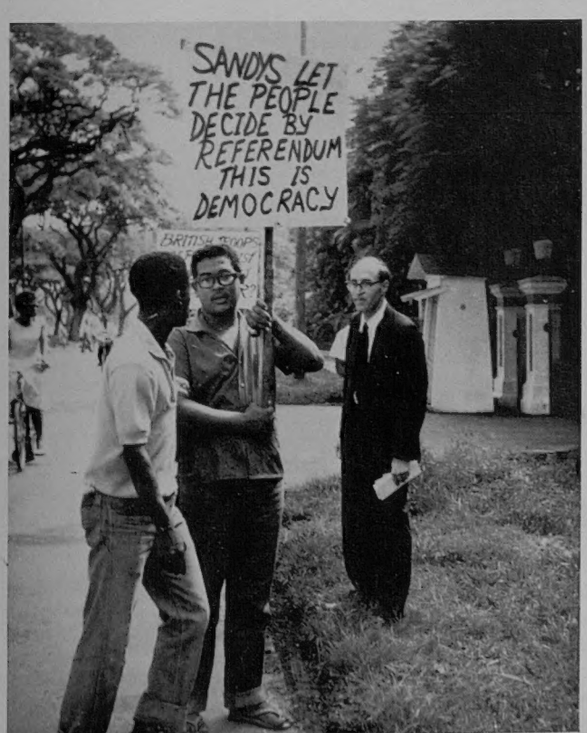
South East Asia

South Vietnam appeared to be on the verge of civil war because of the long quarrel between the Buddhists (who comprise 80 per cent. of the population) and the Roman Catholic regime of President Ngo Dinh Diem. The Buddhists have been protesting and demonstrating for nearly three months against what they consider to be restrictive religious policies of the government. Several monks were reported to be ready to follow the example of one of their number, Quang Duc, who last month committed suicide by burning himself in public in Saigon as a mark of protest.

British Guiana

Coalition talks between Dr Jagan, Prime Minister, and Mr Forbes Burnham, leader of the Peoples National Congress, were suspended at the end of last week. The PNC delegation said that talks would be resumed as soon as the emergency regulations introduced during the general strike were revoked, but most observers thought that the talks could be regarded as abandoned. It was reported that Dr Jagan would soon be flying to London for talks with the Colonial Office. (See overleaf.)

THE SANDYS ROUND



Above: Mr Duncan Sandys, Commonwealth and Colonial Secretary, "meets the people" on a walk through Georgetown during his peace mission to British Guiana. In spite of the smiles surrounding him, he said on his return to London that he had "found British Guiana to be a very, very unhappy country" because of the deep divisions between the two predominant races, the Africans and the Indians

Far left: At Marlborough House in London, Mr Sandys addresses the first session of the Malta conference. It was hoped that the result of the talks between Britain and the various political parties would open the door to a more settled constitutional future for the George Cross Island. This month Mr Sandys' daily, and often far-into-the-night, round has consisted of a marathon of talks concerning Commonwealth territories. He began with the Malaysia conference at Marlborough House, flew straight from it to British Guiana from which he returned only a few hours before starting on the very critical Malta discussions

Centre: British troops arriving in British Guiana at the time when race riots raged throughout the country

Left: Pickets outside Government House, where Mr Sandys was staying in the capital of British Guiana. To settle the constitutional problems he proposed a coalition government of both races should be formed at once and promised a conference should be held later this year to discuss an independence date

TWO SETS OF MOSCOW TALKS

116 It was in an atmosphere of considerable optimism that Lord Hailsham and Mr Averell Harriman flew off last week to the Soviet Union for talks about a nuclear test ban. There was a heat-wave in Moscow and Mr Khrushchev's mood was correspondingly sunny; laughing loudly he posed for photographs, " surrounded by imperialists," and his homely peasant wisecracks fizzed off in all directions. The outcome of the talks should be known by the time this article is published; what it will be I shall not try to predict, but at the end of the first day's session the Western reaction was " so far, so good." Mr Khrushchev drives a hard bargain; but it seems to me that it has been clear, throughout the preliminaries to this meeting, that the Russians genuinely want to reach some sort of agreement.

Was it entirely a coincidence that their quarrel with the Chinese came to a head at almost exactly the same time? It was slightly surprising—and I cannot believe that to dedicated Communists it can have been very edifying—to see, side by side, all those jolly pictures of Mr Khrushchev and his Western guests beaming at one another and more than one photograph of the Chinese representatives at the ideological confrontation looking harassed and unhappy. The Soviet Union's large and formidable propaganda and political warfare machine cannot have let this happen by accident. Pekin is extremely angry—not without reason. In Western eyes Mr Khrushchev is at his best and his most likeable, but the Chinese are not interested in Western good opinion. They are fighting for the leadership of the whole Communist world, outside the Soviet Union, and for the interest and support of as many Afro-Asian nations as possible.

Course of the quarrel

When the test ban discussions opened, the ideological wrangle had been in progress for some ten days. The Chinese were by then seeking to present themselves as patient and badly hurt; their stand was and is for world revolution—the classic Marxist aim—and the Russians were and are the deviationists, the betrayers of principle. I am convinced that we should be foolish and wrong to underestimate the effect of the Chinese attitude. Racial tensions, in America as much as in Africa, have tightened into conflict. Race hatred and revolution are, from our Western point of view, a gruesome combination. The Russians, by reason of the simple, indisputable fact that all their élite have white skins, are debarred from making use of it, and their clumsy attempts from 1958-59 onwards to do so have rebounded uncomfortably. The Chinese are under no such disability.

The Russians are keenly aware of what is happening, and their recent writings about it deserve the most careful study. First there was the Soviet Communist Party's " open letter " which was published the weekend before last, with its stern reminder that " the atomic bomb does not adhere to the class principle—it destroys everybody within the range of its devastating force," and its almost agonised protest : " Our struggle for disarmament is not a tactical expedient. We sincerely want disarmament."

This was followed quickly by long editorial articles in both *Izvestia* and *Pravda*. Neither made any bones about the gravity of the issue. *Izvestia* said candidly that Communist China was only one step from " a schism of the world Communist movement and the creation of a new international Communist centre." It went on to accuse the Chinese of attempting to take over the leadership of the Afro-Asian nations and set the coloured races against the whites. *Pravda*, in an article signed jointly by three of its leading political commentators, charged the Chinese with trying to " impose their erroneous views upon the world peace movement, to split its ranks and to sow distrust and doubt among the fighters against war." Elsewhere in the same paper the Chinese were accused of desiring to create a higher civilisation on the corpses of hundreds of millions of people.

The Chinese have been only a little less vehement in their response but a great deal less direct. They have sought to describe these attacks on their outlook and policy as the consequences of both American and Titoist machinations; they have denounced the United States as the chief agent in the promotion of Sino-Soviet disunity ; and the *Pekin People's Daily* has declared: " It is wrong to think that the Tito group is keeping out of the Chinese-Soviet talks. No, it is meddling in them, and in saying that the only way for the talks to achieve good results is for the Chinese Communist Party to change its policy."

How are we in the West to regard this schism between the two great Communist Powers? A fortnight ago I ventured to observe that we must be on the alert, always, against the sudden somersault, and that the interdependence, materially and emotionally, of Russia and China is complex and must not be underestimated.

I continue to believe that, despite all his bonhomie in the company of Lord Hailsham and Mr Harriman, and despite his obvious and sincere concentration on the theme of peaceful co-existence, Mr Khrushchev wants to see our kind of society into its grave, and that his intentions towards the West are not benevolent. On the other hand, though I respect the knowledge of *The Guardian's* expert on Russia, Mr Victor Zorza, I cannot fully accept that " the problem of war and peace in the Sino-Soviet dispute is not one of practical politics," since China (he says) lacks the political means to force Russia into a war against the West.

Surely the danger is that, when China crosses the nuclear threshold, her aggressive strategy may bring about a situation by which military and political pressure—in, say, South-East Asia—can suddenly and horribly escalate into all-out war. I am on the side of the American commentator who claims that it is this factor which makes the Moscow talks important, and gives the Western Powers a pressing interest in the internal affairs of the Communist empire.

I further believe that the Russians want at least a partial nuclear test ban on terms which will be as favourable to them as possible, in order to be able to bring the Chinese advance towards the nuclear threshold firmly to a halt. So long as the Western Powers do not let themselves in for appeasement on any vital issue, they should do their best to reach agreement with the Soviet Union. A test ban is a first step on the road towards that multilateral disarmament which the world so badly needs. On the second day of the discussions—Mr Khrushchev had by then left the leadership of the Russian delegation to Mr Gromyko and Mr Zorin—a certain pattern was beginning to emerge. First on the agenda was a limited ban, excluding underground tests. Next was Mr Khrushchev's suggestion of a non-aggression treaty between the Nato and Warsaw Pact countries, as a condition of Russian agreement to the limited test ban. And finally there loomed the problems of finding agreement on practical ways to prevent the spread of nuclear weapons, and of genuine Russian concern lest western Germany should be allowed to acquire them. No more nuclear weapons—none for the Federal German Republic and none for the Chinese People's Republic—here at least there may be the basis of an East-West agreement with very far-reaching consequences.

Test ban talks open in Moscow; Lord Hailsham (UK) and Averell Harriman (USA), right, face Mr Khrushchev

This pattern of road work comes from Switzerland. Twin tunnels have been driven through Monte Salvatore to carry a new road on the Swiss N2 route. As it comes out from the mountain it passes over the old highway and railway line. The 3,000 ft. Monte Salvatore is a landmark beside the Lake of Lugano between Lugano and Melide

NEW ON OLD

A LONDON NEWSLETTER

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118

The gentlest art

The Post Office have told us that if only everybody who has learned to write (quite unnecessary to have learned to spell) would write two more letters a year, it would add £1 million more to PO income, at very little cost. It would take in some of the slack at our 450,000 post offices which on average employ ten men and women. Why limit it to two more letters per year? Why not one more per month? That would make the PO happier still, and in that happiness I should share. I may be old-fashioned, but I still love to receive letters. There is quite a thrill in opening an envelope which is patently not an " account rendered " or a demand from Mr Bloodsucker, and I am constantly saddened by the great preponderance in my day's mail of the less attractive sort. If you consider how much social—and even political—historians have owed to the gentlest art of letter-writing, you will be able to estimate the tragedy of its decline. The truths of history are not to be found in newspaper files and recordings, but in the instant, spontaneous and " undress " reactions of men and women to events, great or trivial, of the moment—for example, Queen Victoria's or Creevey's or the Pastons letters. A postcard is better than nothing, though one is less inclined to hoard postcards in family archives. Yet a postcard from correspondents who cannot endure licking outsize commemorative stamps can be very informative. I urge my acquaintances and the public generally to step up the gentlest art in the interests of history, the PO and myself, and all who regard the telephone as a curse.

Cursed be he . . .

Undeterred by a doggerel curse and by the execrations of sensitive people, the Shakespeare Action Committee are trying again to open Shakespeare's tomb and hope to get a faculty from Coventry diocese. Bones, I know, are less durable than immortal verse, though bones think nothing of surviving for 1,000 years. But, if verse can be indestructible, the parchment it is written on is not; and if the Action Committee pin their hopes on finding legible documentary evidence in the tomb that Bacon wrote Shakespeare or vice versa, I fear they will labour in vain, if granted the right to work. They are more likely to find a piece of Jacobean jewellery. All the same, I should accept an invitation to be present at the opening ceremony and should confidently expect to see something of interest. Being highly superstitious, I should not finger the bones, but peer with interest over the shoulders of the resurrection men.

Irish peers

The House of Lords, in rejecting a block entry of Irish peers, rejected the undoubted statutory right of 70 Irish peers to elect 28 of their number to sit at Westminster to represent them. This right stems from 1800. Today there is no survivor of the 28 last elected, and the means of election in Ireland no longer exist. Of the 70 Irish peers, the vast majority now live in the United Kingdom; only a dozen or so in the Republic. The 70 intend to form an Action Committee to secure their rights under the " pact " of 1800 by legislation. Time was when the offer of an Irish peerage was no more than a minor bribe or a sop to an aspirant for a higher honour; but, after all, it carried certain benefits. Max Beerbohm, I recall, before himself accepting a knighthood, foresaw the time when a knighthood would become a minor form of punishment: " Three months hard labour or a knighthood." The Irish peers have worthy men among their number wherever they are domiciled, and those who consider they will benefit by securing their right of election to sit at Westminster are entitled to try. But they will find the chamber uncomfortably congested.

The " seeds " of depression

A Saturday in high summer, like July 6 of infamous memory, washed out by continuous steady rain, can give one an opportunity to examine and list " in order of merit " the degree of depression registered at all sorts of outdoor entertainments during an English summer-in-name-only. Perhaps a deserted esplanade at a seaside holiday resort still holds pride of place. One thinks of those uncountable bed-and-breakfast martyrs with no place to go. I should list a rain-soaked cricket field next, surrounded by a sparse forest of umbrellas. And next the village fetes and garden-openings, to which so much devoted labour has been contributed in vain. I spare a little less sympathy for a washed-out Wimbledon Final. That event is too important to be washed out for ever, and such sympathy as I can compass goes to those in the 48-hour

queues. A river regatta is quite at t bottom of the list. Conditions on land Henley could not have been more horrib But the crews, like the ducks, can take it.

Armchair viewing

Our sporting carnival is over and I offer m hearty thanks to TV for its generous treatme of armchair viewers of cricket. It was of cours grandly assisted by some of the players. I have enjoyed two absorbingly exciting Te Matches in the course of a month is a rar To have followed them ball by ball from armchair, sometimes with the rain fallin heavily outside while the sun shone on t field of play, contributed still more to satisfaction. Such are the vagaries of t thundery type of English weather. Cricket, course, had the lion's share of favours. I contrast, the lawn tennis was something of bathos. Greater skill is often shown in mix tournaments, and certainly the women singles was decided less by the winner's to of winning shots than by the loser's total inaccurate shots. If service is so vitally impo ant in top-class lawn tennis, the dread catalogue of first-service failure and of doub faults should indicate to all aspirants honours the need for much more severe trainin in this matter.

The Old Stag

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Above left: The "Swan Upping" party under Mr Frederick Turk, the Queen's Swan Keeper, sets out on its annual voyage up the Thames from Westminster Bridge to Henley. The object of the expedition is to sort out the swans owned respectively by the Queen and the Vintners' and Dyers' Companies

Above: *Sovereign,* the new 12-metre Clyde-built yacht, being tried out as a British challenger for the America's Cup, shows her paces on the Clyde. She was sailing against *Sceptre*, Britain's beaten challenger in 1958. During *Sovereign's* settling-down period, her fine sailing to windward stood out

Left: The Manley Morris Dancers, taking part in the Folk Dance Festival presented by arrangement with the English Folk Dance and Song Society. It was held recently in Parliament Hill Fields in London

ROYAL SHAKESPEARE'S GRAND SLAM

120 The Royal Shakespeare Company have achieved a high reputation in their productions of the classics: most of this is due to their eloquent determination not to allow preconceived or traditional ideas to influence their view of the work in question. Last week, the company produced a remarkable grand slam, with no fewer than three productions opening in the space of 24 hours. First, at the Aldwych, came John Gay's satirical comedy *The Beggar's Opera*. It is the first performance in the West End for many years given by actors instead of singers. For many people, remembering the charming melodies, the starkness of the production will come as a shock. But it projects, with great skill, the feeling and style of 18th-century low-life in today's theatrical terms.

Following *The Beggar's Opera* came the first two instalments, at the Royal Shakespeare Theatre at Stratford-upon-Avon, of a trilogy called The Wars of the Roses. This is made up of Shakespeare's three *Henry VI* plays and *Richard III*. The three *Henry VIs* have been adapted, by Peter Hall and John Barton, into two, calling the first *Henry VI* and the second *Edward IV*. When *Richard III* comes in August, all three will be performed chronologically. A bloody pageant of a brutal era, the plays, in a stark and stunning production, are a theatrical experience not to be missed. Peggy Ashcroft as Margaret of Anjou is to appear throughout the sequence, spanning more than 35 years.

Right: Polly Peachum (Dorothy Tutin) spends a brief but happy moment with Macheath (Derek Godfrey)
Below: Polly's scheming parents—Mrs Peachum (Doris Hare) and Mr Peachum (Ronald Radd)
Photographs by Reg Wilson

Richard of York (Donald Sinden), having been captured in battle by the forces of Margaret of Anjou, dies, stabbed by Margaret. These three pictures are from *Edward IV*

Left: Young Rutland (Peter Gatrell), the youngest son of Richard of York, is killed by young Clifford (John Normington)

Below: Margaret of Anjou (Peggy Ashcroft) in armour and crown

The items in "The Voice of the Commonwealth" are contributed and do not necessarily reflect the views of the Editor of "The Sphere"

THE VOICE OF THE COMMONWEALTH

NIGERIA

Two cures for Regionalism

Nigerian politics have been affected by regionalism since the country was given independence in October 1960. The Federal Government has been run by a coalition of parties from the Northern and Eastern Regions. Now a fourth Region is to be formed out of the third existing Region, the Western, after a vote in the Benin and Delta provinces. Nearly 90 per cent. of the people in the area balloted overwhelmingly in favour of this. Most Federal parties advocated the creation of the new Midwestern Region. Some observers think the only practical way of achieving national unity may be to pursue the creation of small tribal states. If each tribe feels secure in its own area there is likely to be more willingness to merge common interests.

Another of the developments that could draw regional personalities into the arena of truly national politics is the transformation of Nigeria into a Republic in October. There was to be an all-Party meeting in Lagos on July 26 to review the necessary changes. The Federal Prime Minister, Alhaji Sir Abubakar Tafawa Balewa, has said that Nigeria must develop its own form of democracy as distinct from that inherited from Britain. The Republic's President would be no mere figurehead, but an executive Head of State.

ZANZIBAR

Election results

The coalition of the Zanzibar Nationalist Party (ZNP) and the Zanzibar-Pemba People's Alliance (ZPP) has won the elections. The Prime Minister. Shaikh Abeid Muhammed Shamte Hamadi, therefore remains in office with his eight-man cabinet largely unchanged. The only member to be defeated was the Education Minister.

After the deaths and riots in the 1961 elections, caused, it was said, by "the bombardment of words," there were elaborate precautions this time against a repetition of disturbances. The 2nd Battalion of the Scots Guards assisted the 900-strong police force in reducing incidents to a minimum. The Governor also placed restrictions on campaigning methods to keep the political temperature down. As it turned out, polling was conducted peacefully enough, with an estimated 99·5 per cent. of the electorate registering votes.

The ZNP won 12 out of the 31 seats in the Legislative Council, and the ZPP six. These government parties derive most of their support from the 45,000 Arabs in the 300,000 population. The opposition Afro-Shirazi party, which won the remaining 13 seats in the Council, depends largely on Africans. It was to the Afro-Shirazi party that Mr Kenyatta, the Prime Minister of Kenya, sent a message of support before the elections, not to the leader as such of any other party. The election results may therefore be seen as a reversal for the African influence of the mainland. Although the Prime Minister has said that he would like to negotiate for participation in the planned East African Federation, Zanzibar will not be altogether aligned ideologically with the other members. The Prime Minister has said that talks for independence will take place soon, possibly in September.

BRITISH HONDURAS

The Constitutional Talks

The territory in Central America has an area of 8,866 sq. miles and a population (1960 census) of 90,343. Settled by the British in the middle of the 17th century, it was declared a colony subordinate to Jamaica in 1862 and an independent colony in 1884. The constitution, due for revision at this month's London talks, resulted from the previous constitutional conference of 1960 and came into force in 1961. In the election of that year, Mr George Price's People's United Party won the 18 elective seats in the Legislative Assembly. Other members were five nominated and two *ex officio*. Mr Price became First Minister.

One of the major problems of British Honduras is relations with Guatemala. This neighbour on the western border has a long-standing claim to British Honduras. The British Government has always firmly rejected this claim as unsubstantial and recently repeated its rejection in its reply to the Guatemalan Note of July 1 objecting to British policy aiming at the granting of independence to British Honduras. Guatemala foresees that independence for British Honduras would shatter Guatemalan hopes of acquiring the territory.

The British reply recalled the Anglo-Guatemalan conference at Puerto Rico last year and reminded that Guatemala was then informed of Britain's intention of holding a new constitutional conference for Honduras. After reiterating Britain's non-recognition of any Guatemalan rights over British Honduras, the Note expressed hopes of mutual economic development between the two peoples.

Above: After polling in the Zanzibar elections, ballot boxes are brought out of a strong-room by Scots guardsmen for votes to be counted

Right: The Archbishop of Canterbury, Dr Ramsey, holding a Garden Party at Lambeth Palace, London, shakes hands with Mrs MacAuley from Sierra Leone

Far left: Sir Odeleye Fadahunsi, the Governor of Western Nigeria, with his wife at Buckingham Palace after receiving the insignia of K.C.M.G. **Centre:** The newly appointed High Commissioner for Ceylon in London, Dr Gunapala Malalasekera, and his wife. **Left:** Major-General Douglas Anthony Kendrew, recently appointed Governor of Western Australia, and his wife at their home in the south of England. Until recently Major-General Kendrew served for two years as Head of British Defence Liaison Staff, Australia

Below: At a ceremony during the Ninth Quinquennial Congress of Universities of the Commonwealth in London, the Queen Mother, Chancellor of London University, confers honorary degrees on Heads of Commonwealth universities and colleges. Recipients, being introduced by Dr P. S. Noble, Vice-Chancellor, are, from left: Sir Lindsay Ride, Hong Kong; Sir George Paton, Melbourne; Sir Arcot Lakshmanaswami Mudalia, Madras; Dr G. E. Hall, Western Ontario; Dr K. Dike, University College, Ibadan; and Sir Eric Ashby, the Master of Clare College, Cambridge

OXFORD DRAW WITH CAMBRIDGE

Above: Cambridge fielders appeal as R. E. F. Minns (Oxford) is caught by the wicket-keeper, M. G. Griffith, off the bowling of R. A. Hutton. The match was a draw

Right: D. R. Worsley (Oxford) sweeps a ball from M. C. Kirkman past M. G. Griffith and E. J. Craig for two runs

Far right: J. M. Brearley, the Cambridge Captain, is clean-bowled by P. N. G. Mountford for a duck

Below: R. A. Hutton (Cambridge), son of Sir Leonard Hutton, puts a ball from E. W. J. Fillary to the boundary for four. The Oxford wicket-keeper is N. L. Majendie

Below right: The Nawab of Pataudi, the Oxford Captain, drives a ball from R. C. Kerslake, only to be caught in the deep field by the Cambridge Captain, J. M. Brearley, for 51. Cambridge scored 246 and 148 for 8 (dec.); Oxford 201 for 6 (dec.) and 136 for 6

YACHTING

An entirely new principle of handicapping is going to be tried out in this year's, the second, Tideway Race, to be held this Saturday. On the previous occasion handicapping was based on an amended version of the Portsmouth Yardstick. This was fair enough, except for the fact that conditions, especially the effect of the tide, change continuously during the time the various classes are started.

The new system is designed to overcome the effect of this variable. The handicap factor will be calculated from the observed average performance, during the race, of each class. In this way no class will be favoured by conditions prevailing at the time. The winner will be the helmsman whose time shows the greatest percentage improvement in comparison with the average established for his class. In calculating the average performance, only the first half of the starters in the class or group will be used, in order to avoid the result being influenced by the unduly late-finishing competitors.

This seems very reasonable and simple, but would need an excessive amount of time for calculating results if one had to rely on human brains only. For the first time in the history of yacht racing, however, the aid of electronic science is enrolled. Finishing times are to be fed into a computer.

The number of entries is down in comparison with last year when 336 entries were received, of which 286 actually started. The reduction is due partly to the fact that this time the International 14 ft. class is not taking part; this accounts for about 20 missing entries. The decrease can also be attributed to the severe conditions on the river last year, which might have dampened the eagerness of some would-be competitors. However, it can be assumed that those who have entered know well what to expect; they must represent the hard core, and therefore it is likely that the proportion of non-starters will be much smaller this time. The largest number of entries is from the Enterprise class, nearly 70 boats, next are the G.P.14s, over 60, which is an increase over their number last year, no doubt due to the fact that they did so well. Fireflies and Merlin-Rockets are about equal with around 50 boats each, a reduction of about 25 in the case of the Merlin-Rockets.

Once more the race starts on the ebb at Putney and the first leg finishes at the Tower. The second half from the Tower back to Putney will be started when the tide turns. The maximum number to start together is again 30 boats, and this means that the Enterprises and G.P.14s will be divided into three groups each, the Fireflies, Merlin-Rockets and National 12s into two groups each, making, with a single start for the Solos, 13 starts in all. The results will be calculated by adding the times for the two races—one down, one up river—together.

Left: In the Southern Championship for Flying Fifteens, Frank Trebilcock's *Soraya* of the Restronguet is in the lead. **Below:** A group of Dragons also taking part in the Royal Torbay Centenary Regatta

THE SPHERE July 27, 1963

WHITE'S

126 The club with a longer continuous history than any other in the West End originated as a chocolate house. In 1693 Francis White occupied a house on the east side of St James's Street, on or very near the site of the present clubhouse of Boodle's. Three years later he moved to premises on the other side of the street, now part of the Carlton Club. Fire caused another move, on the same side, in 1733. Up to then White's seems to have been chiefly a gaming resort. First evidence of it being a club is the set of rules dated October 30, 1736, but Algernon Bourke, in his *History of White's*, declares that at that time the club "was no new institution." White's came back to the east side of the street to settle in its present premises in 1755. The building had been erected in 1674 and been described as "a very fair house with a very ornamental front." And so it has remained. There was probably partial rebuilding in 1787-8. In 1811 improvements to the entrance allowed a doorway to be transformed into the famous Bow Window.

Top left: The staircase in White's in St James's Street. The building dates from 1674

Left: The Card Room. This is at the rear, on the first floor of the club

Above: The Coffee Room has a fireplace in each end wall. The ceiling is a segmental vault. The walls have a carved skirting and ornamented chair-rail

Drawings by Geoffrey S. Fletcher

BELGIAN ARDENNES BY SYLVIE NICKELS

It is one of the many mysteries of tourism why certain regions on the map of Europe remain little more than transit areas to the majority of British holidaymakers. This thought occurred to me again a few weeks ago as I drove down some of the loveliest of little lanes in the heart of the Belgian Ardennes. Some of them rarely, if ever, see the passing of a GB plate; yet, only a few miles away, one of the three main roads which carve their way across the Belgian Ardennes map provides a well-worn trail for countless British cars and coaches every summer.

The Ardennes lie cradled in the great curve of the Meuse as it sweeps out of France and across Belgium. Spaced out with almost mathematical precision along its shores, 20 miles apart, are the towns of Dinant, Namur, Huy and Liège, each crowned by its citadel. From beyond them, out of the deep green heart of the Ardennes hills, the little streams come tumbling north-westwards: swift, young rivers here and there joining forces, gaining width and momentum, finally to fling themselves into the grand old Meuse as she moves in stately calm towards the Dutch frontier.

Hills, forests, rivers—these are the main topographical features of this lovely region so easily accessible from British shores. But history and man's endeavours have added much else of interest, and the whole effect is of very considerable appeal to those not bound by a predilection for beaches.

Namur and Liège are the main gateways; they are also fine art cities. I particularly like Liège, where the Meuse abruptly discards all frivolous thoughts and gets down to business under the sudden onslaught of shore-side industry in progress under clouds of coloured smoke. Liège is a no-nonsense city, with some lovely churches (note especially St. Jacques), the splendid Palace of the Prince-Bishops, and some narrow little streets full of antique shops. It was here, too, that at La Maison Havard, by the river, I had one of my gastronomic highlights of 1963: *truites en caissette*, followed by *dindoneau à l'Estragon* served with melon.

South-west of Liège, on the Vesdre river, lies Chaudfontaine and, half-an-hour further on, the better-known spa, both pleasant if you like spas and casinos, but in any case on your route to a little-known region: the Fagnes. The High Fagnes are 30 miles or so from Liège, rising at over 2,000 ft. to form the very roof of Belgium. But quite apart from providing a winter sports area, the High Fagnes have a quality of immense and beautiful desolation, caught between the dark spruce forests and the great marshlands. The latter, indeed, can be extremely dangerous and no visitor should attempt to cross them alone; guides can be obtained from nearby Robertville, a most attractive spot by a small, deep lake. Other pleasant small townships are Stavelot and Malmédy, sister towns respectively placed on the Amblève and Warche rivers and great places at pre-Lent and mid-Lent carnival time; both have a long and chequered history, and both were the scenes of terrible tragedies in the last war. Strictly speaking the Fagnes district plays no part in the Ardennes, though you have only to travel about 30 miles from Stavelot to La Roche en Ardenne, and another 15 to St. Hubert, which is about as near the heart of the region as you can get.

St. Hubert, itself little more than a village, boasts an enormous church, for it was here, in the 8th century, that the Patron Saint of the Hunt was converted by the apparition of a deer with a glowing cross between its antlers. After his death, a monastery was founded, and eventually next to it the present vast church built of Rochefort marble. Within you will see the sarcophagus donated by Leopold I, but it remains empty until such time as the relics of St. Hubert are recovered, for so well were they hidden during the French Revolution by the last Superior of the monastery that no one has been able to trace them yet. A most colourful ceremony takes place here on the Feast of St. Hubert (November 3) to the accompaniment of a fanfare of hunting horns.

Treasures of the Ardennes

From St. Hubert you can go in any direction and come across some of the best treasures of the Ardennes. Go due south and you will come to the southern end of the Semois, perhaps the loveliest of all the Ardennes rivers, so sinuous that no main road can keep up with it and even the minor ones only touch it at occasional points. At Orval, near Florenville, is Orval Abbey, the beautiful new monastery standing beside the medieval ruins of the old.

Some of the villages along the delightful Semois valley figure only on the largest scale maps, but if you are content with the simplest of accommodation, you will find nothing to criticise in your surroundings. Bouillon, of course, is the best-known centre on the Semois. Everyone has known about it for a long time—in fact, ever since Godfrey de Bouillon achieved his remarkable feats during the First Crusade. It is a glorious little town, with Godfrey's castle still marvellously perched above one of those incredible loops in which the Semois river specialises, and providing a superb setting for the Sound and Light performances which take place there in summer. The Hotel de la Poste, by the river, has comfortable rooms and really excellent food.

Bouillon lies near the French frontier and on the main road which leads northwards to Namur, 55 miles away. Soon after the halfway point, this road meets up with the Meuse and stays with it for the rest of the way through Namur and Huy to Liège and beyond. That favourite spot for overnight stops, Dinant, comes first on the section south of Namur, followed by a host of smaller places, among which I would make special mention of Profondeville, a centre for many kinds of sport, even including water ski-ing. Just off the main road is another highlight of the area: the privately owned castle of Annevoie whose magnificent gardens are open to the public in summer; there are 121 different varieties of rose alone, and flower lovers should not miss it on any account.

A little south of Dinant, the Lesse is the first of the Belgian rivers to fling itself into the Meuse, and should you follow it upstream for

Above: The village of Chassepierre on the Semois

15 miles or so you would come to Han and its famous grottoes, reached by special tram from the centre of the resort. This extensive underground network, eight miles long, is forever revealing new wonders—the latest were opened only last September—and the two-mile excursion on foot through this beautiful underworld is well worth while. Note, however, that Han is not the only place with grottoes; apart from those at nearby Rochefort, there are, among others, some splendid ones at Remouchamps on the Amblève, south of Liège.

In the Ardennes' far east, close by the Luxembourg frontier, four main roads meet at Bastogne, a town that echoes with memories

Top left: The chateau at Walzin overlooking the Lesse. **Above:** The Meuse at Freyr near Dinant

of the Americans and the Battle of the Bulge. It was the American General McAuliffe who was responsible for Bastogne's fame as the Nuts Town—an epithet which arose from his terse reply to the Germans' peremptory demand for surrender. The Nuts Museum houses many relics of the battle.

War seems remote indeed when you turn off the main Bastogne-Arlon road 13 miles to the south and follow the river Sûre to the tiny village of Bodange and the little Martin Pêcheur hotel. The Sûre, that truant among Belgian rivers, turns its back on the Meuse to go chattering over the border into Luxembourg. But Sûre or Semois, Amblève or Ourthe, whatever their direction, it is the rivers which hold the key to the true heart of the Ardennes. You have only to follow them and they will not let you down.

For further information: Belgian National Tourist Office, 66, Haymarket, London, S.W.1. *Means of access:* London-Brussels by BEA, Sabena, etc., from £22 13s 1st-class return fare to £12 night tourist excursion. Thence Brussels-Namur by rail, 22s 1st-class return; 15s 2nd-class return. London-Namur, via Dover-Ostend, £11 14s 1st-class return; £8 10s 2nd-class return.

GOING ABROAD TO PLAY GOLF

An interesting booklet published by BEA lists various golf courses abroad which are easily accessible by air from this country. Full details are given including green fees, caddie charges, and, what is more important, the cost of hiring clubs. In Southern Spain there is the Reina Cristina Golf Club at Algeciras, and the Golf Club Guadalmina at Marbella. In the South of France there is of course the Monte Carlo Golf Club, Cannes Golf Club, the Nice-Antibes-Biot Golf Club, the Golf Club de Valescure and the Golf Club de Marseille-Aix. Farther afield there is the Nicosia Club in Cyprus and the Gezira Sporting Club just a few minutes from the centre of Cairo.

Not mentioned in the list is the Golf Club at Mahommedia, Morocco, which is an exotic counterpart of Turnberry, running as it does alongside the sea. Green fees there are included in the cost of staying at the very good Miramar Hotel. The fairways and greens are excellent and quite unexpected, rather different from the oiled-sand greens one finds in other parts of North Africa.

For the real enthusiasts a golf tour of South Africa has been arranged by Cooks, leaving on December 24 in the *Stirling Castle* and returning on March 7 in the *Capetown Castle*. The six weeks will be spent in South Africa, playing on the championship courses of Cape Town, Durban and Johannesburg, as well as at George, Port Elizabeth and East London. The party will consist of some 15 to 20 people, and the charge will be 950 guineas per person.

Other golfing holidays have been arranged this winter in Cairo and Alexandria for example, where an 11 days holiday by air, staying at the Semiramis and the Cecil, with private bathroom, for £116 8s, can be booked. Bermuda has no fewer than six excellent courses. On January 28 of next year a small party will be spending nearly a fortnight there, playing at Belmont Manor, Riddell's Bay and Castle Harbour, to name but three of the 18-hole courses where green fees are £1 15s a day.

Somewhat cheaper golfing holidays can be arranged in Malta, where a week, travelling out and back by air, is available from £49 11s. The Royal Malta Golf Club, just outside Valletta, offers temporary membership at a cost of £1 11s a month, with green fees of 4s 6d for weekdays and 5s for weekends. Caddies, believe it or not, only cost 4s a round. Other inclusive golfing holidays are available in Jamaica, Nassau, Teneriffe, Rome, San Remo, and Tel Aviv. **W.D.C.C.**

BRIAN VESEY-FITZGERALD

THE EARLIER ELIOT

130 George Eliot's *Romola* was first published in book form at the end of July, 1863; just 100 years ago. She had already written short stories (published collectively as *Scenes of Clerical Life*) which had aroused the enthusiasm of the critics and especially of Dickens (who, by the way, was the only one of them to discern the sex of the author) and three novels, *Adam Bede*, *The Mill on the Floss*, and *Silas Marner*, and was at the height of her fame when she went with George Henry Lewes to Florence to collect material for a projected historical novel of the time of Savonarola.

It is a measure of her standing at that time that Thackeray, then editor of the *Cornhill Magazine*, and Smith, Elder and Co., the publishers, should have offered her the then unprecedented sum of £10,000—and that was real money in those days—for the serial and book rights of the novel when written. The first instalment appeared in the *Cornhill* in July, 1862. The book was not written as a whole, but month by month for serialisation, the last words being penned in June, 1863, and it was evidently something of a labour.

Personally, I think that the labour is evident in the book. There can be no doubt that George Eliot did an enormous amount of reading before ever she put pen to paper, that she had the whole history of the small city-states of Tuscany at her fingertips: the pity is that, having absorbed this mass of material, she was unable to discard what was not really relevant. The book is overweighted with history. That is not to say that *Romola* is a bad novel. Far from it: the portrait of Tito Melema, a brilliant young Renaissance intellectual, slipping gradually but inevitably from upright youth to criminal maturity, is very well done indeed. But it cannot rank with her four great works, *Adam Bede*, *The Mill on the Floss*, *Silas Marner*, and *Middlemarch*.

The reason for this is simple. In those four books she is writing of her home country, the West Midlands, and of people she knew and understood. When she went farther afield, as she did in *Romola* and *Daniel Deronda*, the vitality, the sense of personal involvement, which is so noticeable a feature of those four great books, is almost wholly absent. *Romola* is remembered, if it is remembered today, only because it is written by the author of *Middlemarch*, one of the greatest (despite the over-elaboration of plot) essays in fiction in our literature: which, remembering that George Eliot wrote in the " Golden Age " of English fiction, is no mean statement.

But the simple truth is that George Eliot, ranked with her contemporaries in the field of fiction, was intellectually a whale among minnows. She was exceptionally well and widely read, able to move and hold her own in philosophic and scientific circles. But, more than that, she was a woman of great character; a very formidable woman indeed. For a great part of her adult life she lived " in sin "—openly so, regarding the relationship as being as firmly established as if it had been legalised—with George Henry Lewes.

Moreover, she was openly agnostic. For such a woman, at such a time, to be accepted socially speaks volumes for character. She must also have been a woman of great charm, for she counted among her admirers some of the great men of the day.

The charm is not apparent, at least to me, in Sir Frederick Burton's portrait of her. Judging by that portrait, she was not a beautiful woman and the expression, despite the generous mouth, is withdrawn, grave, rather sad. I do not, in fact, believe that she was sad but I do think that, throughout her adult life, she bore a sense of guilt: first, because she had rejected the church in which she had been, perhaps rather too strictly, brought up and, secondly, because in her association with Lewes she ran contrary to the convictions of those with whom she mixed.

Despite acceptance—and her novels made that inevitable—she must always have been conscious of this: and it was this, surely, that brought her at the close of her life, after the death of Lewes, to marriage with J. W. Cross. This burden of guilt gave her a gravity, a sombreness of spirit, that colours all her work. She is unlike any other English novelist, though in a sense she was the forerunner of Thomas Hardy: for true comparison one must turn to the Russians, especially to Tolstoy.

George Eliot is not easy reading. A good deal of her work is pretty heavy going: not because it is heavily written or clumsily constructed (she is, in fact, a master of prose), but because it demands concentration and thought. Somebody, not an Englishman, once said that the English Victorian novelists seem to have written mainly for those with juvenile minds. It is a pretty damning remark, but there is, as there is in most generalisations, a grain of truth in it. Certainly one gets more from Charlotte Bronte when one is 20 than when one is 60, and I think that that is not untrue of Dickens also. But it is certainly not true of George Eliot. As a young man I found her unreadable: too long, too heavy. Now, I find myself wholly absorbed.

It is only now that I am beginning to realise in what lay George Eliot's charm; for charm she must certainly have had and in abundance. That rather heavy face, that grave expression, which are the outstanding features of the portrait, are matched at first experience by the rather heavy style, the gravity, of the prose. But reading with concentration, you discover, and it came to me as a great surprise, that George Eliot was also a humorist. Time and again you come across remarks which are both witty and shrewd.

For example: " There is nothing will kill a man so soon as having nobody to find fault with but himself," or " Ignorance is not so damnable as humbug, but when it prescribes pills it may happen to do more harm," or " I'm not denyin' the women are foolish; God Almighty made 'em to match the men," or " Blessed is the man who, having nothing to say, abstains from giving wordy evidence of the fact." George Eliot is full of such remarks. Her charm? I think that Mary Ann Evans may well in her day have been the life and soul of the party—always with a grave and " dead-pan " face.

BIRSTALL

It is of value to any golf club that it be located in a congenial area that is readily accessible by both road and rail. Birstall Golf Club at Leicester enjoys these particular advantages, and others as well. It possesses a private gate connecting it with the Birstall and Belgrave Station. No great distance away is the main Loughborough road with a frequent bus service to and from Leicester. The course itself is an open circuit situated on a high plateau with views of the surrounding countryside. The layout of the course, in two loops, is substantially the work of Tom Williamson of the Notts Club, chosen by the Club Committee in 1933 to effect a major reconstruction. Birstall clubhouse suffered in 1953 a disastrous fire. This gave the club an opportunity in the inevitable rebuilding operations to make the addition of several amenities. These include the dressing and locker rooms with 258 steel lockers all at ground level, the Secretary's office, professional's shop and ample provision for caddie cars.

Above left: A view of the 2nd green, with the City of Leicester in the background

Far left: From left to right: J. A. Hill (Chairman of the Handicap and Competition Committees), F. C. George (Secretary and Professional) and G. M. Lee

Left: From left to right: A. J. H. Donnell, C. H. Bromley, R. Avens, W. A. Sharp (President), J. Shaw, A. J. Crawford and R. H. Mantle (Vice-President)

Below left: From left to right: E. McKinnell (Chairman of the House Committee), M. F. Smith and J. Bandy

Below centre: From left to right: T. J. Whitby, S. W. Laurence, J. J. Silvester, K. A. Stanyon-Jaques, all Past Captains, and D. Irons

Below: The 3rd green of the Birstall Golf Club's links. The total length of the course is 6,338 yards

EXTRAORDINARY ENGLISHMAN

132 **338171 T.E. (Lawrence of Arabia)** by Victoria Ocampo: Gollancz. 15s, is an extraordinary portrait of the great man by a South American writer of distinction who never met him and whose own nature, tastes and circumstances have been as different as possible from her subject. Nevertheless, in the words of his brother, Professor A. W. Lawrence, "though she saw, with equal clarity, his virtues and his faults, his successes and his failings, his wisdom and his silliness, the completeness of her vision did not in the least reduce his attraction for her. In fact, she loved him. That inexplicable phenomenon explains the uncanny truthfulness of her interpretation." This is by no means just another biography to add to the list of those in which, of recent years, Lawrence has been praised, blamed or caricatured. It is a deeply sentient, highly intelligent tribute and its translation is by Mr David Garnett, himself a friend of Lawrence's.

Oh! To Be in England by H. E. Bates: Michael Joseph. 15s, presents another aspect of the Larkin family, that splendidly pagan group of characters whose amiable eccentricities enliven a beautiful corner of Kent so far unknown to your reviewer. Pop Larkin is once more in his best and, consequently, most Pan-like form, and Ma displays a new interest in christenings (though not yet in weddings). Funny, even ribald and blessed with Mr Bates' exquisite sense of the English language, from the comic to the poetic.

The Scarlet Seed by Edith Pargeter: Heinemann. 18s, is the closing volume of a trilogy in the course of which Miss Pargeter has traced a history of medieval Wales and has told a consecutive tale of Welsh princes, old noblemen, an Italian courtesan turned solitary saint and the growth to maturity of a boy with a thirst for vengeance. Romantically conceived and written with considerable bravura of style, all based on meticulous and scholarly research.

Down to Hope by Ernest Frost: Hodder. 18s, deals not only with the contemporary scene but with that part of it which, currently, is most constantly under analysis. The setting for his novel of youth, and youth's quest for authority without responsibility, is a region of north London. Life, in the opinion of the narrator—an 18-year-old schoolboy on the verge of either university or training college induction—is more rewarding to the observer than to the whole-time participant, and so he observes. First of all his parents, his father a schoolteacher and a convinced non-conformist; then his sister, much older, crippled by arthritis; and finally his best friend. Mr Frost has a subtle simplicity of style and, better still, a warm and perceptive feeling for the problems of youth.

The Perfect Fool by Roy Fuller: Andre Deutsch. 18s, is the tale of a man who is basically an innocent: a human being who finds himself in a succession of situations as much through this untouchable quality of his as through his frequent mishandling of events. It is a thoughtful, genuinely understanding study of a life which, ordinary enough on the surface, contains the material of near-heroic actions. Recommended.

The Last of the Whitfields by Elise Sanguinetti: Chatto and Windus. 18s, gives the reader yet another impression of America's deep south, as a region in which it is possible to be a part of a happy, liberal family, one not necessarily shaken to its foundations by northern opinion and accusations. Mrs Sanguinetti, herself an Alabama girl, writes with considerable humour and an excellent ear for dialogue. The result is a happy story which is no less shrewd and informed

Selected Writings of Truman Capote: Hamish Hamilton. 25s. Mr Capote seems a trifle young to have been anthologised already; not only a writer in the prime of his career but one at present engaged in a new work to be called, we are told, *In Cold Blood*, being the dramatic reconstruction of a brutal Kansas murder and its consequences. In the meantime, there is this handsome volume which contains some of his very best work up to date.

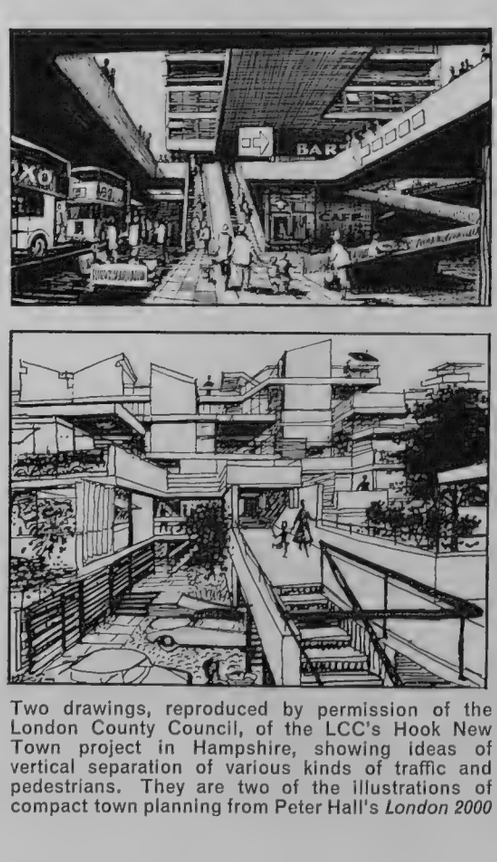
A Fortune in Dimes by Mary Cart[illegible]: Gollancz 21s, is a first novel and one to remember, together with the name of this new American author whose sense of characterisation is as sharp and as bright as a new blade. The scene is California the characters a group of boys in the first year at high school: children of rich parents who are themselves either hopelessly neurotic, alcoholic or both. The boys, however, have not yet learned total cynicism and this is the story of their various quests in search of standards of some kind. Extremely readable and well [illegible]

Ice Station Zebra by Alistair MacLean Collins. 16s, once again endorses the opinion that this is one of our foremost writers of adventure stories; an author capable of playing

THE FUTURE OF LONDON

Babylon is Everywhere by Wolf Schneider: Hodder and Stoughton. 35s. Following the theme that destruction is part of the history of cities from Jericho to Nagasaki, Herr Schneider has made a remarkable survey of cities, their rise and fall and contributions to culture. The author speculates on the fate of the north American cities, and indeed of London itself, as they stand in dire danger of being swallowed by the automobile. Even though atomic weapons may lie in wait the author avers that they are no worse a threat to cities than the motor vehicle and, unless we act now, man's world of stone will collapse in the midst of unimaginable ugliness, unbridled noises and sickening odours. Here is a heady mixture, but, throughout, Herr Schneider's scholarship shines clear.

London 2000 by Peter Hall: Faber and Faber. 55s. More anxious to provoke his fellow citizens than to peddle banalities Peter Hall, Lecturer in Geography at Birkbeck College, follows much the same theme as Wolf Schneider in *Babylon is Everywhere*. His warning about engulfment by the motor vehicle is no less loud and clear, but the clear-cut difference is that his theme is exclusively London. He shows how since 1945 the dominant question confronting planners has changed. Up to that time problems of sanitation and health ruled supreme. The great revolution in environmental health, which Edwin Chadwick initiated in the 1840's, was still increasing in



Two drawings, reproduced by permission of the London County Council, of the LCC's Hook New Town project in Hampshire, showing ideas of vertical separation of various kinds of traffic and pedestrians. They are two of the illustrations of compact town planning from Peter Hall's *London 2000*

scope and range. It was still necessary to urge the point that factories and workshops must be separated from homes, and should have light and air and open space around them. Now these matters are widely understood, if, however, we do not always act according to our understanding, but today the emphasis has shifted to transport. The central planning problem of our age has become the motor vehicle, says Dr Hall, and we need to keep the vehicles away from where people eat and sleep and work and think and talk and shop. This most worthwhile book is devoted to this end, and is beyond doubt a notable contribution to the pool of thinking on a subject that is now being hotly debated in anticipation of the Buchanan report. Everyone will have their ideas about the London of the future they want to see, also on what they cherish most in the London of today. This author reveals what a formidable battle lies ahead.

A History of London Transport by T. C. Barker and Michael Robbins. Vol. 1, the 19th Century: Allen and Unwin. 40s. Dr Hall's grave warnings regarding London and the motor vehicle are a strong reminder that if we are to be saved from surface congestion, or at any rate its worst features, the answer probably lies in protecting our public transport system. In this first volume of the official history of London Transport, published in the centenary year of the Underground, the authors show what prodigious energy

ducks and drakes with the probabilities and at the same time of keeping the reader in a near-hypnotic, edge-of-the-chair trance. Mr MacLean writes about the Arctic and about a weather station in that unsalubrious area, whose technicians send an urgent message for rescue and then fade out. The newest US atomic submarine sets out, under the ice cap, to find the survivors and this is the amazing story of what they find—there and in their own ship.

Striking Terror! edited by Herbert van Thal: Arthur Barker. 15s, contains ten stories pretty well guaranteed to make your flesh creep and representing such illustrious names as H. G. Wells and Lord Dunsany as well as Angus Wilson (his horror tale is a real beast), Geoffrey Household and Peter Fleming, among others.

Madman's Bend by Arthur Upfield: Heinemann. 13s 6d, is to be recommended (*a*) to those who appreciate admirable descriptive writing, for Mr Upfield has done more for one's knowledge of Australia and its outback than a dozen travel writers; and (*b*) to those who relish a first-rate murder mystery. To all the thousands of readers who are already fans of this writer no recommendation will be necessary. This is the best Upfield for years.

The Case of the Daring Decoy by Erle Stanley Gardner: Heinemann. 13s 6d, presents Mr Perry Mason, the lawyer-sleuth, his devoted amanuensis, Della Street, and Paul Drake, in another of their adventures. One can but marvel at this author's consistent ingenuity.

Vernon Fane

went into the creation of the modern system we know. It is a pity perhaps that more of that drive and energy do not exist at government level today; for it is quite apparent that the belated building of the Victoria Line is not keeping pace with the problem in terms of need and of expanding population in Greater London and the towns beyond. The early chapters on the origins of the omnibus are fascinating, while those who cling to the vanished glories of the trams will find much to interest and delight them.

Call An Ambulance! by Jean Bowden: Robert Hale. 18s. Here is yet another London theme. The London Ambulance Service receives well over 100,000 emergency calls every year. The author brings out most effectively the daily drama surrounding the work of those who operate this efficient service. Miss Bowden collected most of her material through tape-recorded interviews. The technique certainly seems to lend authenticity to her work.

St Thomas' Hospital by E. M. McInnes: Allen and Unwin. 30s. The archivist of this famous London hospital, now starting on a new and vital period in its history with the series of buildings going up on the bomb-damaged South Bank site, takes us through the 800 years since St Thomas' first began to care for the people of London. He gives an intimate picture of life in the hospital.

Richard Edmonds

ANGEL OF MERCY

In the Granada production of Hartley Manners' play about the First World War, Annie Hudd (Jennie Linden), a patriotic young nurse, embraces her wounded fiancé Dick (Peter Ellis)
Left: A familiar scene in the First World War—Annie addresses a meeting in Trafalgar Square, appealing for men to join up and fight
Below left: A comparison is provided by this First World War photograph of Nurse Margaret Somers, the Angel of Antwerp, recruiting in Trafalgar Square

The spate of new books about the 1914-18 War and the success of Joan Littlewood's *Oh, What a Lovely War*, indicate the immense hold that that traumatic episode in British history still has. This makes one think that Granada Television's new series of productions of plays written by dramatists at that time will command large audiences. The first of these to be screened is Hartley Manners' *Out There*, on Tuesday evening, August 6. It is the work of a successful actor of the time who seized the opportunity to exploit the dramatic potentialities of trench warfare and the immense tide of patriotism that swept through England. It tells the story of a young nurse, Annie Hudd, who is determined to become a nurse but has to start as a ward orderly. Other plays in the series, given the overall title "For King and Country," include *Barricade*, by Harry Wall, who served with the Worcesters at the front, and *The Enemy*, by the American drama critic Channing Pollock, which was turned into a popular silent film starring Lillian Gish.

Photographed by Tom Hust

LEADERS OF BRITISH INDUSTRY: **JOHN CARL ROSS**

Mr J. Carl Ross is the Chairman of Ross Group Ltd. Born in Cleethorpes in 1901, J. Carl Ross is the son of the late Thomas Ross, of Filey, Yorkshire, who founded in 1895 a fish merchanting concern in Grimsby. He was educated at Culford School, Bury St. Edmunds. When his father retired in 1929 he assumed control of the family business, and began developing and expanding its activities. His first major step was in 1934 when he inaugurated a programme of diesel trawler building. This basic fish-catching and merchanting business has been developed into the Ross Group with its many interests in production and distribution of frozen foods, poultry, dairy produce, vegetable merchanting, and several other ancillary services. During the first world war, Mr Ross served in the Mercantile Marine; in the second he was an officer in the Air Training Corps. A keen sportsman, Mr Ross is a one-time county hockey player, a golfer and President of the Grimsby Fish Trades Golf Society, and a Vice-President of the Lincolnshire County Cricket Club. He has involved himself closely with many interests in Grimsby; he is President of the Grimsby Conservative and Unionist Association and has a particular interest in the Scout movement and Boys' Clubs. Mr Ross is a fellow of the British Institute of Management, a member of Lloyd's, a member of the Institute of Directors and a past member of its Council. He is Chairman of Orbit Holdings Ltd.; Chairman of the Great Grimsby Coal Salt and Tanning Co. Ltd. and holds directorships in several companies. Mr Ross is married with two sons, two daughters and six grandchildren. He lives at Humberston, near Grimsby

NEW PACKAGING MATERIALS

by The Sphere Industrial Correspondent

In the United States early this year two inventors, a Hungarian refugee metallurgist and a professor at Massachusetts Institute of Technology, demonstrated an entirely new method of making food cans. The process produced aluminium "open top" cans straight from a bath of molten metal, by blowing the cans from beneath into shaped dies; the cans can be of any size required and, if necessary, corrugated rather than cylindrical, as many tinplate and aluminium cans are in the United States nowadays. This one process eliminates a whole series: casting and rolling down the metal into flat plate, then slitting, shaping and seaming the body into cylindrical form and putting on the bottom; the only point at which the two processes are identical is that both need a flat top put on after the can is filled. According to its inventors, it substitutes one operation for 12. The economies claimed are, naturally, very considerable. So far the process has been demonstrated only as a prototype; in commercial production, its inventors argue that it would more than wipe out the difference in basic metal costs and make aluminium cans cheaper than tinplate. If it did, it could mean quite a revolution in the food canning industry, with enormous reverberations back into two metal industries, aluminium and steel. Aluminium is already established in a modest way as a material for canning, but nowhere does it represent more than about ten per cent. of the food cans made.

Whether or not this revolutionary "Ilikon" process lives up to the claims made for it, and has as great an impact on the canning industry as its inventors would like to hope, the very development has something about it that is rather typical of the packaging industry today. A radically new process would make possible much more effective competition by an apparently expensive material in a field dominated by one established product. It would do so by applying techniques familiar for one packaging material to form another; in a sense, this method of blowing containers has more in common with making glass bottles or jars than with metal cans. And it may be added that this Ilikon process offers another feature increasingly characteristic of packaging nowadays, that of mixed materials: if necessary, a glass lining could be blown inside the can at the moment that it is formed.

All these features—no-holds-barred competition between materials, the adaptation of methods and container forms normal for one material in making packs out of another, and the use of mixed materials—are characteristic of modern packaging. So, most of all, is the readiness to use radically different methods to speed production and cut costs. This is an industry of which the finished products—which are not an end in themselves but a way of selling other finished products—have constantly to seek variety in visual appeal. At present that variety in appearance is matched by a wide array of alternative ways to do almost any packaging job; there is no business in which it is more dangerous to assume that one given container, or one material, will remain established as the "natural" way of doing anything.

Partly because of this protean variability of form, but perhaps essentially because its product is a way of merchandising other manufactures or foods, packaging is almost impossible to separate or measure as an industry in itself. But it contains certain clearly defined industries—the making of metal cans, the glass-bottle industry, a huge and fairly distinct section of the paper and board industries, the "layflat metal tube" industry. It is the biggest consumer of plastic film, and a massive consumer of many other plastics. It is also a capital goods industry in itself, in that what it sells is not always the finished container, but may be various kinds of packing process that are sold to be incorporated at the end of manufacturing lines, with the container coming into being only after or around the article that it has to wrap, protect and help sell.

A vital sales-appeal function

Another peculiarity that distinguishes it from other manufacturing processes is that packaging is more than half selling. Obviously, there are a large number of products, particularly foods, liquids and powders, that simply could not be supplied without a container: with the exception of petrol, paraffin and occasionally potatoes, there are almost no products sold nowadays by the process of the customer bringing along his own container and the retailer filling it up. (Where the packaging is applied is another matter; the shopkeeper may put it in a paper bag at the counter, or the supermarket out in a plastic envelope in the store-room.) Moreover, there is a class of heavy-duty packaging, usually wooden cases or corrugated paperboard cartons, that has no advertising or selling purpose; export or wholesale packs simply facilitate distribution to the dock or to the retailer's store-room. But the great majority of packs today play the further role of what the industry calls "silent salesmen"; their job of catching the potential customer's eye is as

(Continued on next page)

A polythene extruder at Bowaters' packaging plant at Gillingham, Kent. The polythene film is made into all kinds of packaging, bags, wrappers, lined cartons and composite materials to be heat-sealed

NEW PACKAGING MATERIALS *(continued from page 135)*

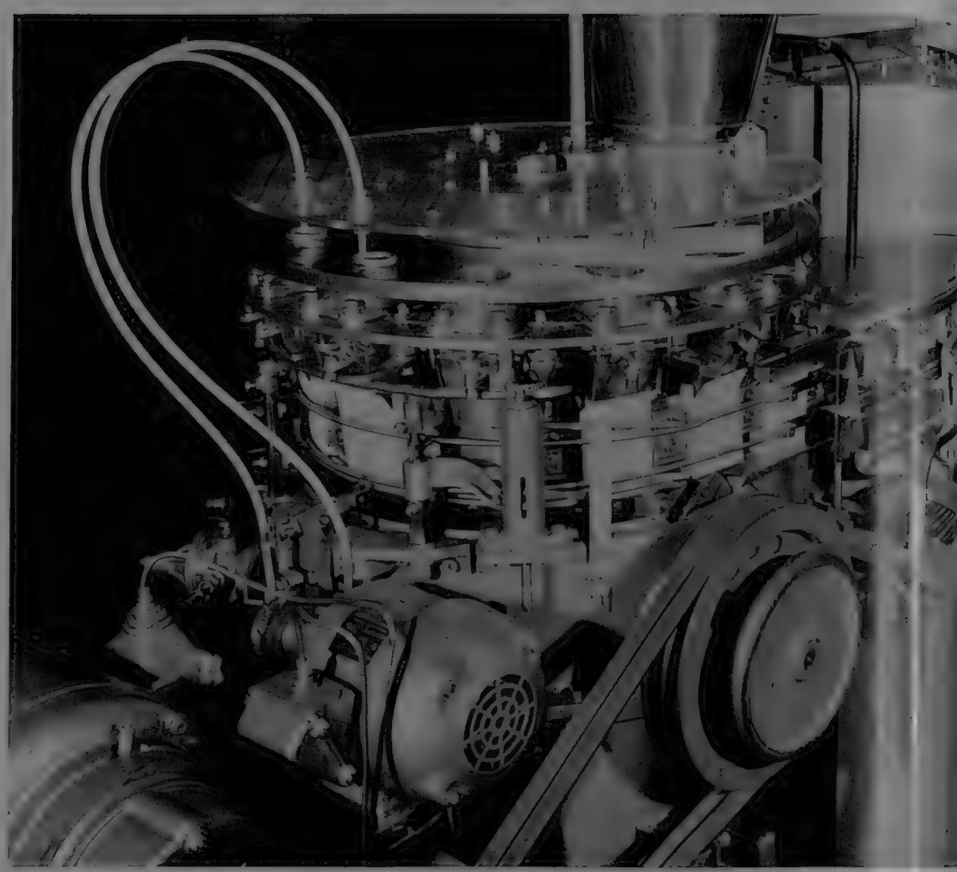
important as the one of protecting and keeping fresh for use what is inside.

Not surprisingly, it is hard to put any figures to such a business; any aggregates of the value of packaging produced have to be estimates. One of the recent estimates suggested that packaging of one kind and another represent perhaps £650 million a year in Britain at manufacturers' prices (no pack ever has a retail price on its own). The value of the container and pack is commonly taken in the trade as averaging 5-10 per cent. of the value of the product bought; but there are some kinds of goods, such as cosmetics, where it may be far higher, since the customer is buying a psychological satisfaction in which the luxury or delicacy of the container may be equally as significant as what is inside and what charms it may or may not confer upon the person.

Composition and competition

There are probably 2,000-3,000 different firms in various fields of packaging, ranging from the massive to the tiny. A company such as Metal Box, dominating one kind of container production, is of major importance in several others; nor have the paper and board manufacturers been content to stay out of competitive products such as plastic film. It is guessed that paper and board still probably represent perhaps 40 per cent. of packaging turnover, and metal containers, tubes as well as cans, rather less than 20 per cent.; but after these two heavyweight contenders the competitive field is much more open. Glass bottles and jars—now trying to move into fields previously held by tins with non-returnable bottles—may account for nearly 10 per cent. of the total packaging market; plastics of various kinds, the most rapidly growing element in the whole of packaging, may now be approaching them in total value; these have already surpassed traditional packing materials such as wood and jute.

Britain still perhaps spends more on packaging per head than most Continental countries, though Scandinavia and nowadays Germany are up in the same league; but we still spend nothing like so much as the Americans. Indeed, Britain has hardly begun upon various refinements that are already well established in the United States, such as "the convenience pack"—typically, the plastic or metal-foil dish in which one buys, warms up and serves a prefabricated meal. From the point of view of the American packaging expert, we are still only in the "early aerosol age"; there is little doubt that as our standards of living grow so will packaging and the variety of materials employed in it.



Top: A high-speed machine heat-seals up to 300 end-opening cartons a minute. It is seen here undergoing tests at the Swindon Engineering Development factory of the Metal Box Company. Machines can be modified to run up to speeds of 450 cartons a minute. The Diotite system was first introduced four years ago by the paper group of the Metal Box Company

Above right: A plastic pourer designed to seal directly into the head of a gallon can to eliminate the danger of rusting. It has been developed by Waddington and Duval's Research Department

Right: Ten-gallon plastic containers for hydrogen peroxide have been developed jointly by Laporte Chemicals Ltd. and Cascelloid division of the British Xylonite Co. Ltd. If trials are successful they will replace the traditional carboys

Far right: A seven-gallon container in a high density polythene from British Resin Products Ltd. formed on an Emerson-Walker blow-moulding machine

Left: Pouches for bacon are made from Metathene polythene-coated cellulose film. This material is fed into the machine, folded over, sealed and slit into pouch form. This is one of the many packaging operations of the Metal Box Company

Below left: Cardboard boxes of cotton-wool are overwrapped with Bexthene S polythene shrinkfilm produced by BX Plastics Ltd. The process is seen at the factory of S. Maw, Son and Sons, manufacturers of a range of pharmaceutical and medical products

Bottom left: A production conference is held at Reed Packaging Division to discuss a new design for a bottle pack

Below: In a revolving drum, corrugated cardboard cases are tumble-tested by the Bowater Organisation to ensure they are strong enough to stand up to handling. Protection is the first aim of packaging

PAUSE FOR THOUGHT

by The Sphere City Correspondent

With half the year gone and the holiday season beginning, the stock market has adopted a quiet and somewhat thoughtful mood, interrupted—it must be admitted—by the occasional take-over bid, or its withdrawal. But for the most part investment advisers find themselves in the awkward dilemma of presuming that the economy is moving into top gear (the Chancellor has told them so often enough), yet fearing that this will not be reflected in higher earnings and dividends before the general election. It is true that the economy is moving forward, but as always, the generalisation hides a multitude of different individual performances. While the majority of economic indicators at the half year were recording plus signs on a year ago, there were a fair bunch that were still below last year's figure. Broadly, demand for consumer goods is gradually gathering momentum—but later and more slowly than many commentators expected. For instance, among those sectors that are showing higher output figures than a year ago are bank advances, hire purchase loans, car production, washing machines and—very modestly—general retail sales.

By contrast, the capital goods industries—those that make factories, tools, plant, etc.—are still waiting for any marked recovery in orders. It was generally expected that the Chancellor's tax incentives last November plus the further booster in this year's budget would by now be percolating through in the form of higher capital spending. But in fact the latest figures from the Board of Trade show a reduction on earlier estimates, and this is borne out by a number of other indicators. The amount of new factory space, for instance, given official approval for construction—one of the best forward indicators—was in the early months of this year 15 per cent. below last year. Actual construction of all kinds was lower (though this probably is on account of the bad weather), and while machine tool output is running only slightly below last year's figure, the industry's order book is falling steadily. Commercial vehicles, too, are selling less well than a year ago. The reasons for this absence of revival in the heavy end of industry are not hard to find. Manufacturers invested heavily in new plant towards the end of the 1959-60 consumer boom and these orders kept the capital goods firms busy until early last year.

The one buoyant element in orders to heavy industry is the spending by the Government, which is rising steadily. Much of this is an indirect reflection of consumer demand, but the capital investment has been delayed as the Government slowly and painfully works out its priorities. For example, public demand for roads and electricity are at last being reflected in crash programmes of motorway building and power station construction, which in turn are boosting the orders of the civil engineering firms and the heavy electrical companies. Another sector, which is virtually dependent on the rate of Government spending, is the aircraft industry. Here, too, the gloomy picture of the past two or three years has brightened with bigger orders and fewer firms left in the business to execute them.

But by and large, the half-year report on the state of the British economy must be a cautious one. Retail sales, industrial production, steel output, chemicals, textiles—all the big indicators—are only slightly better than a year ago. Th is certainly the feel of the stock market, to with the Financial Times-Actuaries index o ordinary share prices only 4 per cent. high than the beginning of the year. It is significa that the five leading sectors of the market th year (aircraft, lead-zinc, shipping, coppers an textiles) are all up for reasons not strictly co nected with the British economy. Aircraft share have risen because of the breakthrough i Government orders; lead-zinc and copp shares because of a rise in the world prices o the raw materials; shipping because even thou times are hard the leading companies are payi dividends out of reserves; and textiles becaus times are so hard that everyone has got the " merger " feeling.

It is also noticeable that of the five sectors o the market to have done worst this year (fi insurance, banks, merchant banks, propert and steel), three—insurance, property and ste —are low on political fears, and the other tw probably for the technical market reason th their shares were felt to be on too low a yield basis even though their prospects are satisfac tory. The conclusion for investors a. the ha year must be to avoid " political " share becaus however illogical the market's fears are, price look like continuing to fall. One should als continue to avoid capital goods shares until th signs of an upturn are quite clear. Instead it is a case of being patient in the consume company shares with (for the experienced), would suggest, a scattering of commodity producers to liven the portfolio.

MIDLANDS MATTERS

by The Sphere Midlands Correspondent

Election to the presidency of an industrial association is an honour much sought after, but no one in the motor cycle industry envied Mr Edward Turner his position the other day when Associated Motor Cycles Ltd. announced they were setting up a separate sales organisation to put 50 c.c. Japanese Suzuki machines on the British and Eire markets.

For besides being president of the British Cycle and Motor Cycle Industries Association, Mr Turner is managing director of AMC's rival, the motor cycle division of BSA—the Birmingham Small Arms Co. Ltd. It was hardly to be expected, therefore, that he would rush in with a comment on AMC's surprise announcement—especially as BSA themselves are shortly to start production of their own Ariel Pixie, the first British 50 c.c. machine, which was introduced at last year's London show.

I gather unofficially that Mr Turner has had a great deal to do with the design of the Pixie, which has many advanced ideas; he is a designer of distinction—some would say genius—and both Triumph motor cycles (still with BSA) and Daimler cars, before they were bought over from BSA by Sir William Lyons to add to his growing Jaguar group, owe much to Mr Turner's inspiration.

But though Mr Turner has been silent, others in the industry have been less reticent. After the first, often scathing, comments on the Suzuki move (and Suzuki are only following Honda, whose British sales force is now headed by Jim Harrisson, former home sales director of Raleigh Industries Ltd.) the tendency has been to become philosophical. " If you can't beat 'em, join 'em," one prominent figure in the industry told me. This may be a gloomy long-term view of the British industry's prospects—the Pixie is certainly not the last ultra-lightweight—but after all, why should a manufacturer not take some of the profit of selling Suzukis in his own country?

National Productivity Year

Birmingham Committee for National Productivity Year has sent me details of the survey it has conducted—believed to be the first in the country—of the effects NPY is having. It is especially interesting because in Birmingham criticism has been very vocal that NPY has met with general apathy, lack of interest, and failure to plan. Indeed, at one stage the committee itself had to admit that it had not enough support to pay for the sending out of circulars.

Yet of the 500 varied firms taking part in the survey, no fewer than 47 per cent. say they have received some benefit directly from NPY. Of these, the surprisingly high figure of 65 per cent. say they have been able to improve their methods of manufacture (the next biggest sectors for improvement have been in material handling and movement—53 per cent.—and office organisation and paper work—52 per cent.). The committee believes that the number of firms gaining increased productivity from the campaign runs into four figures—and it is now making plans fo a further sustained campaign after NPY end officially in November.

Local credit list

Opening the largest credit rating bureau of kind in the world in Birmingham recently, Mr McDonald, chairman of Kemp's Mercant Offices Ltd., explained to me that it was not " black list." Rather it is a record of peop buying on credit, " a constructive effort to o the wheels of local credit trading." It alrea contains 750,000 records and is expected in t next year or so to cover about 2 million of th 5 million population in five Midland counties It is owned by a consortium of seven leadi members of the Finance Houses Association Astley Industrial, Bowmaker, British Wago Lloyds and Scottish, Lombank, Mercantile Cred and North Central.

Mr McDonald told me: " Its main objec is to try to make it easier to give and to g credit where it is merited. It is a safeguard n only to those granting credit but also to man individuals who may need a measure of protec tion against themselves and over-indulgence i the fiery spirit of credit consumption."

The heart of the bureau is 30 Remington Ra electronic filing machines. The credit-worthines of a person can be established during th course of a phone call, and a " disappearin debtor " can be traced all over the coun should he reappear through a subscribe

GOOD LIVING *by Ganymede*

The English inn, its past, present and future, is the all-embracing theme of an elegantly produced new book: *The English Inn*, by Denzil Batchelor (Batsford, 25s). It is not merely stylish and tasteful in appearance as one would expect from this publishing house. The attractive production makes a perfect vehicle for the author's distinctive writing. Although his subject could not be described as exactly dry, it is so much a part of our everyday life, that its existence is taken for granted. This would seem to make it extremely difficult to write anything but an average, pedestrian collection of facts and figures.

Nothing could be further from the outstanding quality of this work. While it is packed with every sort of detail, historical, topographical and gastronomic, there is never a dull moment. Mr Batchelor's refined and graceful writing makes it exceptionally readable. If the fund of information is not built on the author's personal experience throughout, a vast labour of research must have been involved. As one has learnt to expect, Denzil Batchelor has once more achieved, with his lightly flowing, and often witty style, a truly enjoyable result.

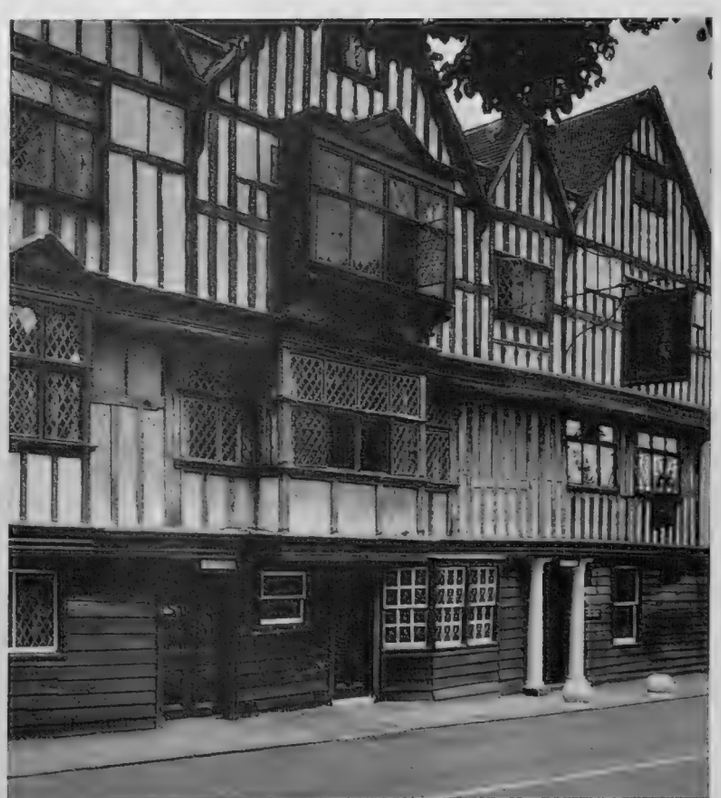
The development of our inns is traced from the earliest records. This is followed by individual accounts of a vast number of inns—or pubs—in London, and the various parts of the country. There is no bittiness, however. It is all joined together into a coherent whole by an easy, chatty flow. The concluding chapter is a strange but amusing mixture of optimism and pessimism regarding the future of the inn. In the end, Mr Batchelor reassures himself, that in spite of the inevitable forward march of the motel, "*There'll always be an England while there is a country lane.* And while there's a country lane there'll always be an inn to offer tepid beer and veal and ham pie. . . ."

"The Crown" fit for a king

A more cheerful aspect is suggested by a small country inn—not included in *The English Inn*—I visited recently, not far from Saxmundham and Southwold, in Suffolk. From the outside *The Crown* at Westleton looks like thousands of other small village pubs, but in fact it is much more than a gathering place of beer-drinking locals. For one thing, the innkeeper is a woman, unusual in itself. When mine host, Miss Ruth Lee, became the tenant three or four years ago as a change from her work in a London publishing office, she soon found that selling drink only did not give her sufficient interest, and decided to provide meals as well, taking charge of the kitchen herself.

Because she is a dedicated and imaginative cook, with a great deal of individual character and integrity, it did not take her long to establish a reputation for out-of-the-ordinary, interesting food. The standard of cooking, presentation and service would be outstanding in London, let alone in the heart of the Suffolk countryside, miles from anywhere. Miss Lee is devoted to her task, but is at the same time independent. You will not find a menu to choose from when you sit down to dinner in her charming dining room decorated with tasteful simplicity.

She will make suggestions though, when you ring up to book a table. Would you like Coq au Vin, Steak à la mode du pays de Vaux, or veal escalope cooked in a cream sauce? she might ask. But the repertoire is by no means always the same. Miss Lee says that she gets bored with a particular dish after a time, and the night I was there, she offered us a dish she was just introducing, oxtail cooked in white wine. There is no restriction as to the time when you can be served, and should you turn up without booking, there is always something, if only a grill to be had. The beginnings and endings are equally delectable: we had the choice of an unusual, but delicious pâté, or locally smoked salmon, for a start, and of fresh raspberries with genuine home-made ice-cream or a splendid fruit tart for dessert. Another important part of the meal: the many vegetables were cooked and presented with care. There is a good selection of wines on *The Crown's* list, at reasonable prices, which are correctly served. And if you should feel too relaxed after a sumptuous dinner to drive any further, there are a few simple but very comfortable rooms in which to stay the night.



Top left: *The Crown Inn* at Westleton provides meals as well as drinks; the standard of cooking would be high in London. Mine host is Miss Ruth Lee, a dedicated cook

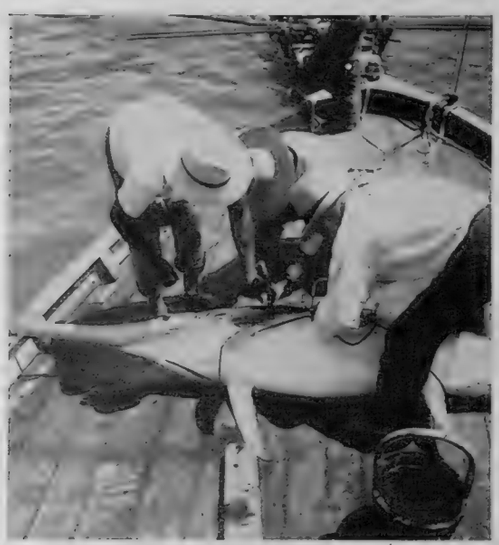
Left: The Portuguese Ambassador cutting a madeira wine cake at a reception given at the Painters' Hall in the City of London by the Importers of Madeira Wine. Watching him is the Chairman of the Association of Importers, Mr John Baker (right)

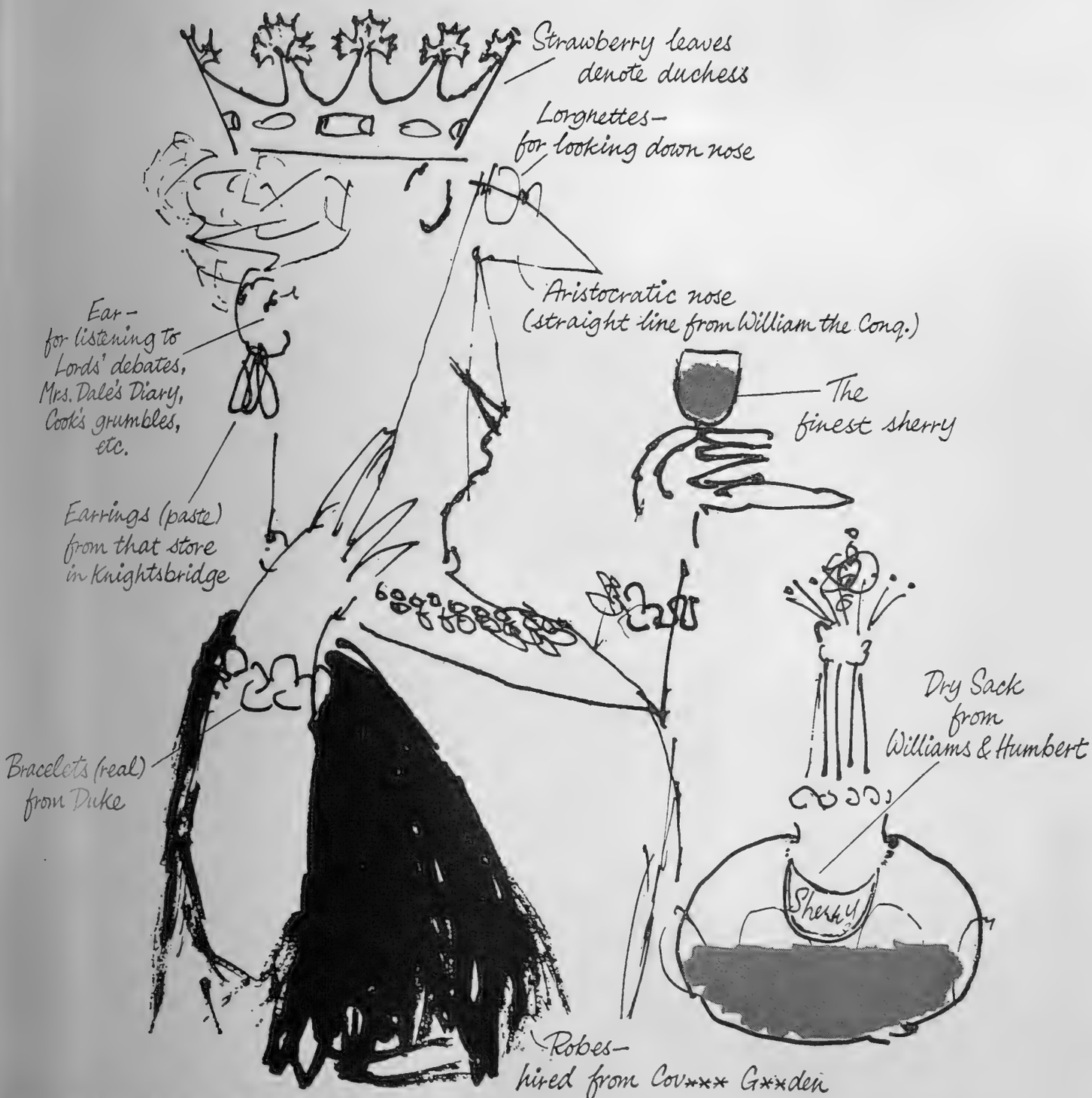
Above: The 17th-century *King's Head* at Chigwell, Essex, from *The English Inn* by Denzil Batchelor. This is a handsome and well-produced book recently published by Batsford

HUNTING THE SWORDFISH

140 During the months of July and August, the little fishing villages on both the Italian and Sicilian shores of the Straits of Messina are very busy. Every day, the fishermen set out in their strange-looking craft to engage in the centuries-old trade of harpooning swordfish. For these two months, the huge fish swim in the straits. The fishermen sail out in two kinds of craft: the feluca, named after the Saracen ships, and the ontra, carrying the harpoonist. His weapon is fitted with barbs on the shaft so that it cannot come out. When a look-out in the feluca sights a swordfish, he directs his compatriot in the ontra. Roast Swordfish is a sought-after speciality in Sicilian restaurants. Perhaps the best place to go to try it is a village called Genzirri, near Punto Faro.

Right: In a calm sea in the Straits of Messina, the look-out perched at the top of the 60 ft. mast of the feluca searches for swordfish. In the smaller boat, called the ontra, a look-out is also kept. **Below:** The fishermen return with their catch. **Bottom:** In the ontra, the look-out is perched on his mast, and the harpoonist standing in the bow is poised ready to strike





Great minds drink alike Kind hearts and coronets aren't the only attractions found in England's Stately Homes. You usually find Williams & Humbert too. The Duchess—who likes a sherry that combines the delicacy of an Amontillado with something of the fullness of an Oloroso—enjoys **Dry Sack.** The Duke opts for **Carlito,** a very subtle and distinguished Amontillado. And both their Graces are warmly in favour of a post-prandial **Walnut Brown.** But then, as connoisseurs well know, all Williams & Humbert's great sherries have an unvarying excellence.

WILLIAMS & HUMBERT

the sherries you'll like of Dry Sack fame

SPEED LIMIT FOR AUGUST

142 Britain's extended weekend 50 m.p.h. speed limit comes into force at noon this Friday on all roads in England and Wales—other than motorways and those with permanent speed restrictions—and will continue until August 25. This means that except on the motorways no one will be entitled to drive at more than 50 m.p.h. anywhere from mid-day on Friday until midnight Sunday for the next five week-ends. During the August Bank Holiday week-end the restriction will be further extended until midnight on the Monday.

Happily, this is only an experiment; for, quite frankly, I don't think it will work. I foresee a tremendous amount of congestion. I am sure that long, dreary processions of impatient drivers will coagulate on hundreds of miles of roads and that the resultant frustration will generate an attitude of mind that could lead to more, instead of fewer, accidents. In this day and age a limit of 50 m.p.h. is needlessly slow. It is the normal, safe cruising speed of many motorists; but so many others are content to jog along at rather slower speeds that overtaking will at times be difficult and dangerous, if not impossible.

The Minister of Transport will be able to declare the experiment a success only if he produces figures that show a dramatic fall in road accidents; and even if his statistics have the appearance of being favourable it is very difficult to make exact comparisons. All kinds of different factors have to be taken into account, including the weather. I think it extremely unlikely that in Britain this well-meaning attempt to cut the road toll will be any more successful than similar experiments in various Continental countries, including France and Germany, where they have been abandoned because increased congestion made the remedy worse than the disease.

Parking Meter Markings

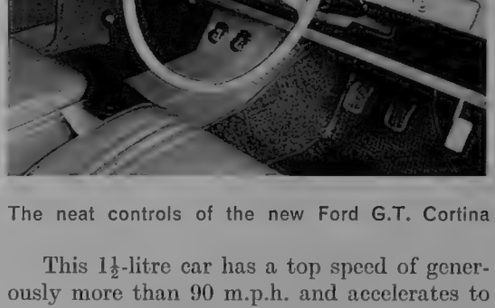
What with the new traffic signs (and a hint of some that will " talk "), the parking meter changes outlined by Mr Marples, plans for a £500,000 experimental scheme for computer control of traffic lights in London and the international conference and exhibition sponsored by the magazine *Traffic Engineering and Control*, recent motoring news has been strongly flavoured by ideas on road safety, frightening comment on road congestion and heartening proposals for preventing Britain's traffic grinding to a halt as the motor vehicle population multiplies itself.

The Transport Minister's recommendation to local authorities that they should increase their meter charges to as much as 2s an hour or more in the busier areas has been given a frosty reception by the more vocal section of the motoring public. As one who believes in the meter system as long as it is properly used I personally, while regretting its necessity, welcome this move to ensure that metered parking space will be more freely available to those motorists for whom it is primarily intended: the short-term parker.

At the same time I think the Minister and the motoring organisations could do a lot more to encourage the provision of off-street parking facilities at reasonable charges. I am glad to see that householders may be given some prior right to the use of the meters outside their front doors and that the Minister has admitted that the space used by parking meters is not always employed to the best advantage. He should give serious thought to cutting down the size of the vast majority of meter bays.

The G.T. Cortina

I have not yet had an opportunity of trying out the £1,100 " Lotus " version of the Ford Cortina but I have just driven hundreds of miles in the *gran turismo* edition of this fantastically popular Ford product and am in a position to say that it is a very interesting car indeed. While the Lotus Cortina makes an irresistible appeal to motoring zealots who want to go racing, the G.T. model, which costs £333 less (in its four-door form), is proving increasingly popular among family men who need a five-seater saloon but who also desire a performance that will remind them of the sports cars they ran in their youth.



The neat controls of the new Ford G.T. Cortina

This 1½-litre car has a top speed of generously more than 90 m.p.h. and accelerates to 50 m.p.h. in 8½ seconds. With a twin-choke Weber carburetter, larger exhaust valves, a modified camshaft and a four-branch exhaust manifold, the four-cylinder engine of the G.T. Cortina, which has a five-bearing crankshaft and is harnessed to a four-speed, all-synchromesh gearbox, develops 78½ b.h.p. compared with 59½ in the standard 1½-litre model. It has stiffer suspension, disc brakes on the front wheels, a tachometer, bucket seats and a delightful remote-control gear lever.

Cortinas in their various forms are being turned out at the rate of 1,250 a day (including about 50 G.T. cars). That is a single model record not only for Ford but for the British motor industry as a whole. Altogether, Ford are building 2,200 cars a day and exporting a lot of them to more than 100 different markets. They offer more than 30 main variations of the basic design of their Anglia, Cortina, Classic, Zephyr and Zodiac models, ranging in price from £514 to £1,249. Two of the reasons they quote such competitive prices are their massive production scale and the design of many of the main components which is rationalised to match the requirements of all the models produced.

Broadcasting Traffic Reports

I went along to Broadcasting House in Londo the other evening to see the BBC's Motori Unit at work. I had found their road traf information reports in the Light programme useful and informative that I wanted to s how they did it.

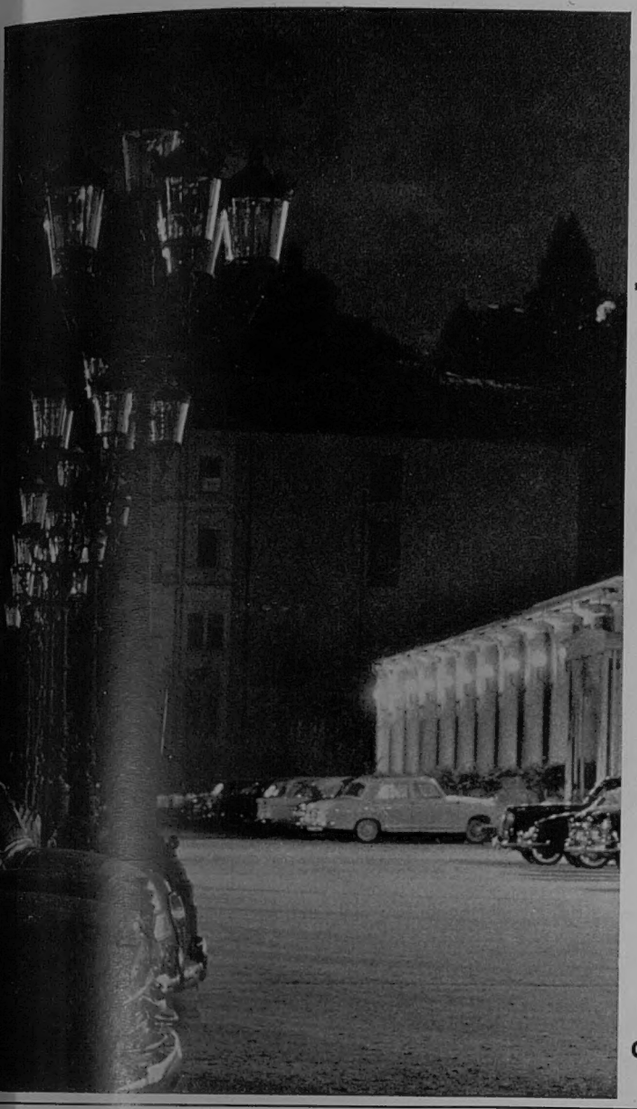
Mr Bill Hartley, one of the team whi runs the Unit under Mr Jim Pestridge, to me they get their information from 158 poli forces throughout the country; and from th motoring organisations. The country is div ded into ten separate areas and there is collecting centre in each. From these centr the news of road conditions, and especially traffic congestion, is sent to Broadcasti House on a specially devised form. Thes forms contain details of the " foreseeable traffic hold-ups. From this information bu letins are compiled for broadcasting during th weekend in a series of announcements startin at 6.30 p.m. on Friday and continuing at inte vals until 8.30 p.m. on Sunday night.

Last-minute information received by te phone and telegram is worked into the bulleti as and when it arrives. The actual business broadcasting is delightfully informal. Ji Pestridge or his colleagues—he takes turn a turn-about at weekends with Bill Hartley a Robin Richards—sit at a small baize-cover table. They wear headphones and hold a microphone. On the table is a large stop-watch for split-second timing is necessary with th road information service, neatly interpolate between various other programmes. Just befor the programme is due to start a red cue-ligh shines on a little stand on the table. Beside th table is a large tape-recorder which keeps carbon-copy, so to speak, of each programm

I am glad the programme is being expande during the August Bank Holiday period and would like to think that in the winter we cou have daily broadcasts, night and morning especially when the weather is bad. A lot the credit for the success of the BBC's roa traffic information service is due to Rob Richards, who spent a lot of time going aroun seeing what was being done in other countri and what could be done in Britain.

Motoring Notes

Briefly. . . . A new type of anti-theft device the Auto Lock—was demonstrated in Lond recently. Designed by the late Michael Rork manufactured by Master Security Systems Ltd. and marketed by Auto Securities Ltd., immobilises the fuel supply, cuts off the supply of current to the starter motor, locks th brakes, secures bonnet and boot and provide an aural warning system. Average cost, inclu ding fitting, is 15 guineas. . . . Escapeways, which motorists can take refuge if their car break down, are a feature of the new Clyd tunnel in Glasgow. . . . The annual London-Sc rally starts on September 1 this year, instead at the beginning of July, to give a chance t motoring parents with children of school age. Th night stops will, as usual, be at Vichy, Andor and Sete. To celebrate the first night of th rally's second decade there will be a speci dinner and *soirée amicale* at Boulogne. . . .



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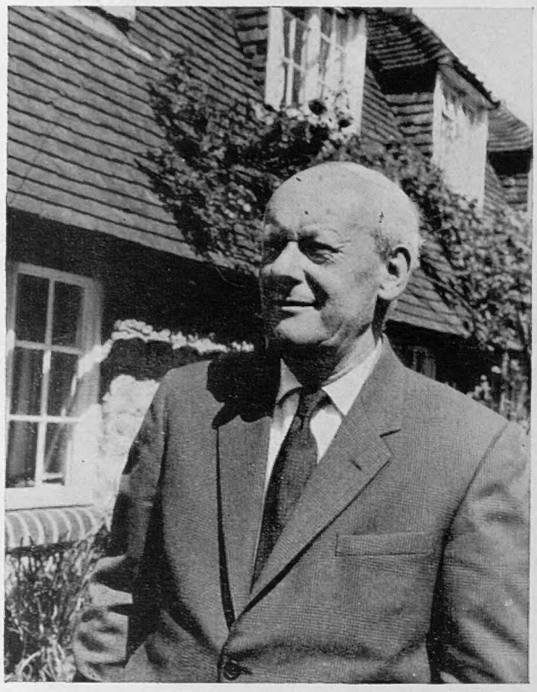

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IN QUEST OF GOOD HOTELS

ADVICE BY ASHLEY COURTENAY

Letters, accompanied by a stamped, addressed envelope for reply, should be addressed to him c/o The Editor, THE SPHERE, Ingram House, 13-15, John Adam Street, London, W.C.2.

GRAND PARADE. We have not such a spectacular occasion as Trooping the Colour in mind. Our thoughts are centred on possibly the finest sea frontage on any of our seaside resorts—the Grand Parade, Eastbourne.

We have cudgelled our brains to think of any other town which has such a fine level stretch of well-planned frontage almost entirely devoted to hotels, but we cannot think of one. So all the more credit to the Duke of Devonshire's estate planners and the local municipal body for combining to design such a well-blended parade, years before a Town and Country Planning Act came on the Statute Book.

At the quieter, western end, of this Grand Parade, almost a footstool to Beachy Head, stands *The Grand Hotel*, designed in the Victorian era to attract the grandees who, accompanied by their men servants and maid-servants, their carriages and pairs, flocked to this social habitat by the sea.

When Mr Richard Beattie, Managing Director of *The Grand*, Eastbourne, was appointed Manager nearly 20 years ago, he faced up to a Herculean task, for *The Grand*, vast in size, was out-dated in kitchen equipment and furniture and needed a new look to bring it into line with modern needs and present-day standards.

It is thanks to his ability and the visionary attitude of his co-directors that *The Grand* has quietly and unostentatiously maintained its place as one of Britain's few five-star seaside hotels and has become again one of *the* places where a family holiday can be enjoyed with facilities to suit every age group.

Outwardly *The Grand* may seem but little different to what our forebears knew, though they might raise their eyebrows could they but see the £25,000 heated sea-water swimming pool and sunbathing patio which is now a feature of the hotel's front lawn. (In their days the ladies wore the skirted sea dress, bathed on a different section of the beach to the gentlemen and the latter were fined if detected using binoculars.)

The swimming pool is only one of many *en famille* holiday amenities. A sound-proofed games room is to be opened in August. Here, teenagers will be able to twist or bossa nova to their own juke-box. Toddlers can play on their own indoor beach, and eight to fourteens can display their prowess at table tennis and bar billiards.

Yet it is the catering, cellars and up-to-date accommodation which has kept *The Grand*, Eastbourne, in the van of British hotel enterprise. The kitchens have recently been re-designed and re-equipped at a cost of £20,000.

No resort in Britain has so many first-class hotels of varying price range "on parade" so to speak; and as each competes for our patronage according to our means, Eastbourne hoteliers are engaged in healthy competition which, in turn, means constant expenditure to attract custom.

With no pretension of being "grand" *The Wish Tower Hotel*, also at the western end of the Grand Parade, has attracted our attention of recent months. We knew it first as an unlicensed semi-residential type of hotel, most ably managed by Miss M. W. Williams.

In 1962 the directorate of the Kingsley-Windsor Hotels, London, and the Mansion Hotel, Eastbourne, acquired the hotel and adjoining property, merged the buildings, installed a number of private bathrooms, enlarged the restaurant and obtained a licence, with the result that the *Wish Tower* is in the forefront of smaller hotels on the Grand Parade, catering for a medium tariff group. Our previous recommendation still holds good, and is fortified by the knowledge that Miss Williams is still at the helm.

It is a healthy trend to find consistency in management and key staff, and this is well evidenced among hotels on Eastbourne's Grand Parade.

At the eastern end stands the *Burlington*, an hotel of quality which attracts what used to be referred to as the "Quality," who appreciate returning to an hotel where both management and staff respect the whims and foibles of their regular clientele.

For a number of years the *Burlington Hotel* has been in the capable managerial hands of Mr A. R. Rand, who is now a director of the hotel as well as of their most recent acquisition—*The Cumberland*—in the centre of Grand Parade.

Like Mr Beattie at *The Grand*, Mr Rand—at the other end of the Parade—has instituted many innovations such as a cocktail bar, sun lounge and, of course, private bathrooms *en suite* wherever possible.

In the centre of the Grand Parade, and the centre of social life, is *The Cavendish Hotel* which, like *The Grand*, has a five-star grading. Here again is an experienced hotelier in Mr E. B. Johnson who, like his colleagues, has been responsible for many enlargements and improvements. In the conference season, because of its central location, *The Cavendish* is often the temporary headquarters for political and industrial get-togethers. By the same token, it is to one of the several Cavendish bars that one gravitates to meet friends.

Our perambulation of Eastbourne's Grand Parade would not be complete without reference to an old friend of ours—*The Chatsworth*, which can be best described as an excellent family holiday and winter residential hotel of three-star grading.

Here one experiences a friendliness that one does not expect or want in a large hotel. The catering is sound without being fanciful. It suits us because it is not too exotic, though our one complaint is that they are over-generous with their portions. No hotelier worth his sea-salt appears to want to leave Eastbourne. Mr and Mrs B. W. Hornsby came to *The Chatsworth* many years back to manage it. Now they are managing directors.

Our apologies for not mentioning other hotels on Eastbourne's Grand Parade, of which we have no recent personal experience. All undoubtedly are, in their respective spheres, upholding the reputation of a resort that has a planned purpose in attracting our patronage.

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